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James the First of Aragon.

THE LOTHIAN ESSAY,

1889.

BY

C. RAYMOND BEAZLEY,

FELLOW OF MERTON: LATE SCHOLAR OF BALLIOL.

Dieu suffit à bon cœur.

OXFORD:
B. H. BLACKWELL, 50 & 51, BROAD STREET.
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NOTE.

It is perhaps well to say that this Essay is simply published as it was written, and in the hope of proper revision at some future time, when it would be possible to study the subject. The list of Authorities is merely of the few consulted in Oxford, intended to save footnotes. The last twelve months much additional matter bearing on King James has been found in Barcelona. At present being full of entirely different work, I can only hope that the pamphlet will not be taken as a book—which would not have been printed at all, but for the kind advice of Mr. York Powell of Christ Church, Mr. Hutton of St. John's, and Mr. Poole of Balliol.

Oxford,
June 23, 1890.

ERRATA.

Page 11, line 5, *for* know *read* knew.
" 11, line 37, *after* hold *insert* to.
" 13, line 25, *for* Even . . . . drawn *read* Even the towns . . . . were now drawn.
" 13, note 4, *for* Monteada *read* Montcada.
" 14, note 4, *for* venuit, *peritus read* renuit, *percitus*.
" 17, line 28, *for* six *read* five.
" 18, note 2, *for* Vilariya *read* Vilaroya.
" 19, note 4, *for* Benter *read* Beuter.
" 24, line 5, *omit* at least.
" 24, in notes, *transpose* 5 and 6.
" 31, *omit* note 1.
" 38, in notes, *transpose* 1 and 4.
" 45, bottom line and elsewhere, *for* Qur'an *read* Koran.
" 49, line 15, *for* perfidity *read* perfidy.
" 63, note 3, line 7, *for* suo *read* sua.
" 66, line 23, *for* world." King *read* world"—King.
" 73, line 26, *transpose* in *to end of preceding line.*
" 75, in notes, *transpose* 1 and 2.
" 75, line 31, *for* ecomiasts *read* encomiasts.
" 77, line 13, *for* vesta *read* verba.
" 77, line 27, *for* Sedem Apostolicam *read* Sedis Apostolicae.
" 78, line 11, *for* vesto *read* vestram.
" 79, line 11, *for* agritudine *read* ægritudine.
" 80, line 17, *for* dominis *read* dominus.
" 80, line 41, *for* Apostolican *read* Apostolicam.

JAMES OF ARAGON.

INTRODUCTION.

"A grand, gross figure, self-engrossed, self-confident, self-willed,—but justifying to himself, by his belief in himself, both unscrupulousness, violence, and craft."—*The Bishop of Oxford on* HENRY VIII.

KING JAMES, the Conqueror,[1] of Aragon, was not one of the mediaeval "mirrors of chivalry,"[2] nor was he the first man of his age—of that thirteenth century which is so deceptive in its golden haze to us of the modern world. He was not exactly a hero, in spite of his bravery, or a saint, in spite of his devotion; but he was an excellent specimen of the average Christian king, who fought and sinned and worshipped and died in the bosom of the Latin Church, which alone could make of him something better than a great strong fighter and oppressor of men. This is his interest to us. He is not in any sense supreme, he is not at all above his age, or beyond it: what he does is faithfully to reflect it to us. As the king of Aragon, he was leading a small Spanish hill-tribe on its way to become the most cosmopolitan state of Southern Europe. As a leader in the war against Islam, as a would-be crusader in later life, in his devotions, in his contest with the baronage and his alliance with the church and the cities, primarily in the simple contrast *θεου τε και θηριου* of his nature, King James shows us not the ideal but the actual man of the time—in a sense the man of all time. In him we have the Barbarian Conqueror of the Empire, as he reappears after six hundred years, formed by the two great moulding influences, by the discipline of religion and the discipline of suffering.

All that was best in the old Teutonic nature—its fearless courage and abiding strength of purpose, its love of home and of country—which together made up the perfect patriot,

[1] As he calls himself in pure Provençal, "En Jacme;" in Spanish, "Don Jayme, El Conquistador."

[2] As Henry V. or Edward III. are called in their day, in England. *v.* Acts of Privy Council, August, 1422.

all this remained living and active in those little Christian states which kept up the struggle of ages against the Western Khalifat. The men who held the Asturias and the Pyrenees as a forlorn hope for three hundred years, in the face of the world's most civilised state, had come to know their own minds upon such points as freedom, and fatherland, and family. And if one side of their character was formed by that long fight for existence, the other side was moulded by the Faith which had taught them their own littleness before the Unseen, giving them the hope of rising to better things hereafter by struggling against selfishness now: the Faith which was their one common ground of unity. For their Christianity was the link which bound Leon and Castile and Navarre and Portugal and Aragon in any alliance, however short, when in such alliance lay the sole hope of the West against Islam.

In Spain alone had the Gothic race borne ripe fruit; elsewhere they had fainted under the southern sun. "We lose our manhood here," says Wolf, in "Hypatia," to the Goths of Egypt. All experience was proving the truth of this, even in the fifth century. In Italy the barbarians were absorbed, as was everyone who tried to supplant Rome in the imperial land. In Francia, all had to give way before that other tribe—the youngest, all-victorious brethren of the Germanic fraternity—the nation of Clovis and of Charles. But in the Western Peninsula they were reserved to be a decisive mover in the world's troubled life. Yet the old Gothic kingdom of Chintila and Chindasuintha was slowly, surely sliding on the downgrade common to all those Teutonic kingdoms; dragged down by the three weights of feudal misrule, provincial luxury, and that lust of the flesh so easily learnt from the dregs of the old empire. The first crushed all chance of progress by its hopeless selfishness; the second drew the weary giant limbs of the conquerors to the bath and the sleeping couch, and away from their hunting and their arms; the last pressed out the very soul from the Amals and children of the gods. The only hope lay in their Faith, and that seemed fading away. When the eighth century began, the end was still some way off, but already it was in sight. Even Isidore and Ildefonso had begun to dread the future. Would Latin Christianity prove a match for a nation's degeneracy?

Suddenly the whole course of things was changed from without. Taric and Abderrahman came with their Arabs and Berbers. Spain ceased to exist as a Christian nation; but the Spanish character received a discipline more searching than any other nation in modern history. It may be compared with the English "Subjection under foreign kings,"—Dane and Norman and Angevin, or with the Russian slavery

beneath the heel of the Mongols. The likeness is utterly incomplete. By a paradox, in this one case supremely true, Spanish character was born of conquest and despair. Those who suffered under the yoke without a thought of submission, and those who held the last refuge without a thought of surrender, were the ancestors of that generation who never fought, in the New World or the Old, but to conquer or to die—with all their wounds in front.[1] Under the grinding of the millstone, those little border states of Covadonga and Jaca and the rest grew into kingdoms—many, five, one; and that, at last, under Charles and Philip became the strongest realm in Europe.

Even something of political liberty, of "constitutional" government, resulted from the common dangers and triumphs of rich and poor. Corruption in rulers was bounded by the active operation of that most salutary law of self-preservation, which in some societies is the sole yet effective teacher of fundamental rightness of life. One may admit that the Spain of the five kingdoms was one of the rudest corners of Europe: one must not forget that it was the nursing-mother of men, who, in that long night of sorrow, learnt over again the high and simple wisdom of their earliest time, heightened and inspired by the religion they had found there, and kept through trial, and brought out triumphant at last. It was this union of the knight and the devotee, both springing from the old Teuton blood, which forms the Spaniard of the palmy days of Spain. Discipline was his first and last requirement. So the moment the crusade at home is over, his character begins to lose its better part. Cortès after all is a long way below San Ferdinand; Pizarro is a very debased Ruy Diaz. Even King James promises more for the future of Spain.

When James was born the tide had turned: piece by piece, generation by generation, Spain was being won back. The urgency of the old Christian Litany was passing into a ruthless joy of conquest. The cry "Have mercy upon us, for we are utterly despised; our souls are filled with the scornful reproof of the wealthy and with the despitefulness of the proud,"[2] was changing into the war-cry of Ferdinand and of Philip—"Blessed shall he be that taketh thy little ones and dasheth them against the stones." Moreover, another feeling was beginning; that longing for national conquest which really won the cause of Spanish unity. That once gained,

[1] Spanish History from the eighth century to the sixteenth is indeed a growth of "Peace out of Pain," in the words of Prospice—in three stages: down to Almanzer's death, 1001; down to Navas de Tolosa, 1212; down to the Fall of Granada, 1492.

[2] Compline Office of the Mozarabic use.

the Christian crusader would blend with the Galician or Catalan patriot, and pass into the world-conqueror, discoverer, and coloniser of the age of Magellan and Columbus, whose splendid daring in the face of resistance we have forgotten in the remembrance of his pitilessness. But this was not yet.

James I. of Aragon inherited a tradition of dogged resistance and unquenchable hope, which was the true pattern of chivalry. Like his successors on the wider fields, his chief harm was done by his own victories.[1] For the man who conquered from the Ebro to Murcia seemed so far removed from present peril that fear of God or man might be near fading from his mind, as a governing and training instinct. Certainly in En Jacme's case, we see a tendency to degeneracy; piety sinking to superstition, courage to brutality, inflexibility to callousness. Yet no one can deny that his task was as hard as any that falls to the lot of kings—even Spanish kings. Spanish Christendom had been saved from another era of Almanzor by the war of 1212;[2] the five kingdoms might have been ruined by the same victory. The fear from without was so much lightened, that all the centrifugal forces seemed loosened within.

Nowhere was this more imminent than in Aragon. Baronage, clergy, merchants, cities, military orders, might all be supposed equally ready for the scramble of misrule, if the central power were taken off. And at the death of Don Pedro, the father of James, this seemed to be an accomplished fact. But the tendency towards anarchy was reversed by the child Don Pedro left behind him. From the first he could not be ignored; when only a boy he was a decisive weight in the balance of the factions; by twenty he was their master. If all the parties had united, they might have crushed him. Happily, factions are never unselfish in their hates, and these in Aragon had no reason to hate the king. They would fain use him for the domination of this man or that. He on his side used all and triumphed over all. Then he set Aragon in motion, as his forefather Alfonso El Batallador had done, when the kingdom was but a march on the Pyrenees border. Now the time had come for a further advance, and the man had come to lead it.

The unclean spirit of disunion had entered into the Khalifat, and torn it and left it lifeless. Only *parties* were now left to the Arabs; and these parties hated each other worse

[1] For an extreme case, compare the Duke of Alva, 1540—70: almost a fine character while a Marshal, aiming at the favour of Charles V.: perfectly maddened by success as Sole Governor of the Netherlands, 1567—73.

[2] The great battle usually called that of "Ubeda," by contemporaries from the town hard by: by the moderns more usually "Navas de Tolosa."

than the Infidel. Disunion in Aragon was kept under by one strong hand, which welded the factions into an army, and made them forget their mutual insults and revenges in revenging the "insults of the Moors to the Cross" and to Spain. "*Mens agitat molem*" might be written across the history of Aragon under Don Jayme. Nothing could heal the division of Andalús, and so the king of Aragon and the king of Castille met as victors in the citadel of Murcia.

James' reign was almost wholly one of foreign conquest: more than that, it was the reign of one man. There is no courtier, no minister, no general who disputes his place. James is king and leader and general and lawgiver and champion of Aragon without a rival.[1] There is little internal development; for the time had not yet come for General Privileges and Privileges of Union.[2] The king had three chief parts in his task. First, to make Aragon one and keep her so; putting down a firm foot upon the barons who grumbled, or the Cortes who would not "come to the aid of God against the Infidels."[3] Second, he had to conquer Moorish Spain—at least his share of it: probably, but for Castille, he would have ended the domination of the Arabs altogether. Third, he had to guard his kingdom and his conquests from all foes. To a fourth mission he set himself; which, as far as in him lay, he accomplished. For an instant Aragon, at the Council of Lyons,[4] took the lead of Christendom. It was no part of his national task, or of his personal ideas, to give to his land the gift which our Edward gave to England. Under his son, Pedro III., the Estates snatched it hastily and prematurely. It proved a delusive triumph. One man, the great Justiciar, was finally made the pillar of the constitution: at the close of the middle ages he was found unequal to the struggle against royalism. Aragon and Castille were united in one of the most despotic of governments.[5]

The position of En Jacme and his character, in its development and decline, make up a history not wholly unlike that of Henry VIII. of England. James, like Henry, is backed by the whole force of the kingdom; because he is the only real, visible, helpful centre for *all* Aragon. He represents his people as no Assembly does; the special Cortes of Catalonia or of Aragon cannot speak with the same authority for a moment. The barons, as an opposition party, put themselves out of court from the first by their selfishness, their

[1] K. James' Chron., c. xxix. For James' words at the age of 13 "I will conquer, I will not follow your advice," &c.

[2] Under Pedro III., 1283—7. [3] K. James' Chron., c. cccxcv. *sqq*.

[4] 1274. 7th May—17th June. Under Gregory X. Achieved a temporary reunion of Eastern and Western Patriarchates.

[5] The fall of Spanish Constitutionalism in 16th century has been traced to the want of firm foundation-laying in the 13th.

greed, their narrowness of view, their utter want of statesmanship, their incurable factiousness. The clergy almost to a man support the holy war and its captain. James lodged himself firmly in the seat of power, partly by the weight of the royal name, which a child could not disgrace, partly by his own subtlety, chiefly by that quality of "unquenchableness," which in a young sovereign has so great a chance of success. Then he trained Aragon by foreign victories to rule its own self.

The conquests of the 13th century went to make up the conquerors of Pavia, of the Netherlands, and of the New World. Aragon, moulded into a single state, was ready to give its share to the union of all the kingdoms.[1] James did not foster the old mountain freedom, save by giving it room. He crushed incipient feudalism in government. He made his people feel the quickened pulse and higher step of a conquering race; he tried his best to make them the leading nation in Europe; and then, trampling to the last on legal subtleties, determined to the last on having his own way, he died, leaving his work unfinished. He had set before Aragon an intelligible, somewhat brutal plan, to conquer the Moslem and to be the "honour and glory of all Spain." But what he did, he did with all his might. Roger of Sicily was a ruler far above him in wisdom; yet James of Aragon left a greater mark on his time. His purposes might be very limited, not always wise; but they were simple, they were firmly grasped in his mind, to him they were Divine leadings. Like Henry VIII. again, continued success drew out of him more and more of the beast and the savage, till in his last years it is possible to speak of him (with M. de Gayangos) as "that hoary sinner."[2] But to the end he called on his sons to finish the work of conquest; on his people to lay aside their bitter quarrels, and to make Aragon as visibly great as he would have her; on all to witness to the Hand which had led him through sixty years of triumph. He never doubted of himself.

En Jacme's strength lay not in grand ideas or enlightened methods of rule, but in the vigour and manliness of his ambition, however narrow; in the simple strength of his religious feeling, however inadequate; in the warrior-like earnestness of speech and deed and thought, which made him so easily the guide of Alphonso El Sabio and the spokesman of Gregory X.

Few men degenerate more than El Conquistador, yet few last with more interest to the end. Though he had done his

[1] A good moiety; if we balance influence and statesmanship against territory.

[2] Preface to K. James' Chronicle, p. 28.

best to offend everyone in those last years, for the sake of his own will, yet Dameto probably wrote down what every one was really saying or thinking of the old king, who had made his land the glory of Spain, when once he had passed away[1]:—"His person was comely and graceful, his temper affable and obliging; his wisdom and prudence in governing, his constancy in pressing great designs, his moderation and temperance, his bounty and princely generosity, his justness and exactness to his enemies, his clemency and readiness to pardon the submissive, were all alike admirable. Yet he that was invulnerable to the fiercest darts of Mars, was a slave to the arrows of Cupid."

[1] Dameto, p. 146, Bk. II., Chap. 2., "Ancient and Modern History."

PART I.

JAMES THE CHILD.

"Have you any law that is good for me and you at the same time?"—
"My lord, neither law nor right are here of any avail!"

. . . . . .

"I, the king, forbid harm being done here!"—*K. James' Chron.*, c. xxxii.

It is no mere hunting for coincidences when the chronicles tell us that En Jacme was born at one of the main crises in Spanish history. That his descent and manner of begetting was out of the way he himself insists again and again.[1] From the union of old Guillen de Montpellier with Eudoxia of Constantinople — half marriage, half rape — their grandson drew a special pride of race. Was he not descended from the Emperor Manuel, "at that time the first man among Christians?" And, in the second place, the actual circumstances of his birth were enough to root in him that fatalism which governed his life, or, at least, his words and deeds. The original of Boccacio's "Giletta di Narbona" and of "All's well that ends well"—these circumstances are dwelt on by the king himself to urge the refractory, to encourage the doubting, to confirm the stedfast in all the great enterprises of his reign. "Certain it is that my birth was through God's interposition, for my father and mother did not love one another, and so it was by the will of God that I was born into the world."[2] And most distinctly, in his appeal to his readers—"Look ye, who peruse this writing, is it not a miraculous thing that my grandfather, King Don Alphonso, promised that the Emperor's[3] daughter should be his wife, and yet he took afterwards Queen Donna Sancha? And it was the will of our Lord that the promise the king had made first should come round; that it ended in that the grand-daughter of Manuel was afterwards wife of our father, of whom I myself came." This was at the bottom of James' religious feeling. He was rough and brutal with his rebels;

[1] Still more does Muntaner. "La naissance du Roi D. J. . . qui fut un miracle dû à la volonté de Dieu"—in Baluze—"manifestament pot hom entendre a la gracia de Deus."—c. iii. "Dans la naissance qu'il (Dieu) avait procurée au dit Roi."—c. xxiii.

[2] K. James' Chron., c. xlviii.

[3] K. James' Chron., c. vii. The "Emperor" is the Byzantine Manuel Comnenus, 1143—1180.

he was not as moral as he might have been; he once tore out the tongue of a reprover-confessor,[1] but he did believe that, in the main, his life was guided from that unlooked-for origin and well-nigh impossible birth on to a secure throne in Aragon, on to conquest of half of Moorish Spain, on, he trusted, to a ninth, a final, a triumphant crusade. As he says at the last—"How our Lord had honoured me in this world, specially over my enemies; how He had made me reign in His service more than 60 years, longer than any king in the memory of man since David and Solomon; how I had had the love and affection of all my people, and had been honoured by them: all which I acknowledged to come to me from our Lord, *for that, on the whole, I had striven to follow His way and His commandments.*"[2] And at that time this feeling was of vital importance, for, on the political side, Christian Spain, in the years of James' infancy, passed through its fourth—its last life-struggle.

The first rush of Moslem conquest had left only the Asturias and the Pyrenees. The "unconquerable" Vizier[3] at the end of the first millennium had again almost wiped out what was not of Islam in the Peninsula—the Almoravides had beaten back the forces of Castille just as they were breaking through; the Almohades, the "Puritans of Islam," had just made the final effort to restore the Western Khalifat.[4] This had called out all the growing strength of the five Spanish kingdoms, which proved too much, at Ubeda, for the vast African rabble with which all the latter Moslem experiments were tried. In that truly decisive battle of Navas de Tolosa, A.D. 1212, James' father, the king En Pere—"the most bounteous king that ever was in Spain, the most courteous and the most gracious"[5]—had borne his share. Had he failed, his little son would have had no Aragon to reign over. Ubeda was the practical end of the Spain of the dark ages, as all Spaniards must regard those centuries; the end also of the exquisite dreamy life of the Arabian courts of Andalusia,[6] of the secure steady labours of Arabian scholars in Cordova and Seville. For the North

[1] As to his treatment of the Bishops of Gerona and Saragossa in 1276 and 1237, *v.* Appendix i.—James and the Papacy.

[2] K. James' Chron., c. dlxii.

[3] Almanzor, the Hagib of Hakem II., suffered his first defeat A.D. 1001, and died next year. From that time Islam receded in the Peninsula.

[4] 1086, 1195. In the battles of Zalacca and Alarcos, the victories of Jakub Almanzor and Jusuf ebn Tashfin.

[5] K. James' Chron., c. v., vi.

[6] The aftermath of Granada was as insecure and treacherous as the earlier summer of Cordova had been untroubled and buoyant, *e.g.*, under Abderrahman III. (920—970), to which the age of King James forms a good contrast.—1220—70.

and for the Cross, the year 1212 was the "first of our reign;" for the South and the Crescent, the beginning of the end. The victors (as usual in Spain) left the spoils for their children to gather. Pedro the Catholic, who had become the Pope's vassal in early life, dies the very next year, opposing the greatest Pope of the time in all his cherished schemes.[1]

Only with James' grandfather, Alphonso of the many battles, had Aragon grown out of its Pyrenean border stage. It had been up to this time merely the least of the three mountain states which had held the passes of the great wall of separation. And, at the last, Alphonso had been crushed[2] before Fraga, by the Almoravides. Absolute necessity had then, after a time of anarchy, forced Aragon as one man into the struggle of Ubeda: with the end of suspense and the death of King Pedro in the Murel skirmish[3] came feudal chaos again. And now Aragon was kingless; the heir, a child six years and four months old, in the hands of his father's slayers; his two worthy uncles, Sancho and Fernando, diligently scheming for the throne; the trading centres of Catalonia anxious for a steady, easy time of traffic and profit; a large part of the baronage eager for the grand chance of a long royal minority, for plunder and rape, and private war, and all the other joys of feudal society broken loose; the inland towns hoping to improve their Fueros[4] by managing all parties; the court of Rome on the look out for old tributes, such as En Pere had granted when he was crowned by Pope Innocent III.

There did not yet appear much prospect of doing on this side of Spain what Ubeda had made possible to a great leader and a united kingdom. But though each party might be watchful to carve out its own inheritance from the royal weakness and the confusion of the time, Aragon as a whole wished for its infant king. He might be used or abused, he would be only a name to rally round at first; but his presence was not only a sentimental satisfaction, it really served for something of an anchor where so many strong currents were pulling the ship this way and that. En Jacme's minority is a good instance of how a royal party is formed in such a case by instinct and necessity, when all the established interests of the country are committed to anarchy. And the time soon came when James was a fairly competent leader;

[1] "Implorata etiam a Marocchitano Rege auxilia contra Papam," says Raynaldus, *sub a.* 1213. The quarrel was over the Albigeois, with Innocent III.

[2] July 17, 1134.

[3] Murel ended a quarrel arising from Albigensian Crusade between Don Pedro and Earl Simon de Montfort, the Elder.

[4] Or constitutions.

by the age of seventeen he was a match for Don Sancho and Don Fernando and the cities of Aragon. But long before, at the age of six, or eight, or eleven, when, as he says in his own naive way, "all was done by the advice of the nobles who were with me; for reason it was that since I know not how to govern my own land, others should advise me,"[1] the little king found a reserve of loyalty in Aragon sufficient to tide him over his time of impotence. And when his nobles did at last feel his hand, they realised that it was heavy.

The detailed history of those early years is full of interest. Rarely did a child-monarch in so short a time pass through more of joy and sorrow. One day caressed by all, summoning Cortes, receiving oaths of homage; another day in durance at Zaragoza or Tortosa, insulted by his uncles, beholding an apparent surcease of the whole royal authority. Thus sunshine and shadow alternated rapidly enough. First, when the apostolic Pope Innocent, with his "strong letters and sturdy envoys,"[2] had got little James back to his people, there was a burst of loyal gratitude in the national assembly at Lérida. "All swore," says James, "to protect my body and my limbs and my lands in everything, and against every one." The child's person is given into the guard of the Templars: he begins his residence at Monzon. While there, the baronial factions revive; the king's uncles, "each of whom hoped to be king," heading the chief of them. Yet the royal name is eagerly sought for by each against all others. "At times several came to Monzon, and entreated me to go out of the castle with them, that I might go to their side and destroy the other."[3] The second stage arrives, when James is nine years old and "could no longer be kept in Monzon;"[4] on hearing which, Count Don Sancho, in very good temper with himself, makes the generous offer "that he would willingly cover with scarlet silken cloth as much ground as I and those with me went over in Aragon beyond the Cinca."[5] Yet little James went on to Zaragoza, where "the people were very glad of his coming;" Don Sancho apparently not wishing to hold a literal rendering of his proffer.

At Zaragoza, "the first time I ever was in Aragon,"[6] baronial squabbles had to be settled by James' council, though James himself kept pretty wide awake to all that was going forward. "It was resolved by the rest, for I had not yet judgment to advise myself and others, that I should march against Alvaro, and so I did, and also against Albarracin." This last was a good specimen of the feudal chaos then existing. One Don Pedro Fernandez de Acagra, who had taken it from the Moors a few years previously, held it

[1] K. James' Chron., c. xvi. [2] Ibid., c. x. [3] Ibid., c. xii.
[4] Ibid., c. xiii. [5] Ibid., c. xiv. [6] Ibid., c. xiv.

with a cheerful insolence against his king, as against all others, professing himself the "vassal of God and St. Mary only." When it came to actual fighting, the utter derangement of things showed itself. As James himself says pathetically, "All served me so badly and so treacherously, that there were as many knights inside the place, or more, than I had myself outside. And I could not take counsel about it, nor had I any one to consult, being only eleven years old at the time."[1]

The next stage was marriage. "By advice of my great vassals I took to wife the Infanta Dona Leonore of Castille. They advised me to marry while still young, because they were in great anxiety for my life, and likewise because they wished on my account that I should leave an heir, so that the kingdom shall not go out of the royal line, as both my uncles wished to be king and had tried for it before."[2] The young king is now beginning to get a position of his own.[3] "All the nobles *now* strove to become my confidants, that what I did should be by their advice."[4] He is now personally appealed to by the richoshombres, in their interesting private dramas, such as that of Don Nuno Sanchez and Montcada.[5] Though the sovereign was only fourteen, there could not fail to be weight in such words as his: "I told Don Nuno that I grieved greatly for his affront, which I considered as if against my own person; and that I would take such counsel as to prevent that harm and affront he feared." Then, though yet a child, James attacks Montcada in his mountain castle, while the traitors in his camp, fancying that anarchy is the winning cause, negotiate an alliance to entrap the king in Zaragoza, and supersede all government by an irresponsible clique of their own leaders.[6] The climax of reaction is reached when "Don Fernando and the rest began to distribute the fiefs and honours of Aragon among their friends, pretending they were bestowing them with my sanction, but the truth is they divided them as they liked best."[7]

From this Zaragozan captivity En Jacme escaped at last, flying to his first guardians, his ever faithful, if surly

[1] At this same time, Don Rodrigo Licana is good enough to "renounce his allegiance in writing."—Mariana, 201, Zurita ad loc.

[2] K. James' Chron., c. xviii.

[3] Cf. c. xii. of K. James' Chron.—"Several entreated me to go to their side," etc.

[4] K. James' Chron., c. xx.

[5] This man, afterwards so good a follower, the king assailed with "extraordinary impetuosity," and took from him "130 towns and castles." —Zurita.

[6] In short, they would re-establish the old "Regal Aristocracy," which (according to Hallam, M. A., II. 143) was the old government of Aragon (præ 1118).

[7] K. James' Chron., c. xxiv.

allies—the Order of the Temple of Jerusalem. With liberty came clear insight into policy. Thus early, James saw that the only sure remedy for the chivalric misrule at home was vigorous and unceasing war abroad—half-crusade, half-conquest—against the enemies of Spain and of the Cross. So even now he "summons the barons and knights holding land in fief from the crown to come to Teruel, for that we intended to enter the kingdom of Valencia; but when the day arrived there came only three,[1] so I saw plainly that the rest would not come on the day fixed, and for this cause I made a truce with the king of Valencia."[2] The nobles, as usual, set about breaking their king's engagement in their own persons. The chief of these, Don Pedro Ahones,[3] En Jacme caught *in flagrante delicto*, remonstrated with in vain, then boldly arrested. Pedro escaped for the moment, but was pursued by the lad he despised with an energy which ended at once the life and the treasons of a typical baronial self-seeker. The extraordinary keenness of the pursuit was caused by the said Pedro's having just formed a new league for the maintenance of that disorder which was the ideal of the richoshombres.[4] This crisp action of En Jacme's brought about the next crisis of his reign. "The cities of Aragon," says he, "save only Calatuyad, rose against us, with Don Ferdinand (the uncle again) at their head."

If ever a position looked hopeless, it was that of the future Conqueror. Even now the towns, in which was his surest reliance, drawn into the wild dance of un-law, wherein royal uncles, rich burghers, needy schemers, were all joining with a devout trust of gaining something, great or small, by the universal hubbub. In the midst of all the youth of seventeen is the one firm figure. With the few who stand by him, he batters hostile town walls, issues summonses of splendid audacity to the rebel cities,[5] hastens up and down the kingdom; by his simple unquenchableness rallies once more a strong royalist party. "I am king of Aragon," he says to a fainéant,[6] "and I defend my right: those who come against me are my sub-

[1] "The Barons," says Mariana, "looked upon this summons as a childish freak, yet some few came, and with these he broke through, so much to the terror of King Zeit that he sent to beg peace, and agreed to pay the fifths of Valencia and Murcia," (Blancas, Zurita, and the rest confirming.)

[2] King James' Chron., c. xxv.

[3] Who had been given the *gubernatio* of the kingdom in earlier days. —Blancas, 652.

[4] William of Monteada, Pedro Ahones, and Ferdinand the king's uncle, and Abbot of Montaragon, "had conspired to seize the king's person," etc. (Mariana, c. vii., 202; Zurita, An., ii., 80).

[5] As at Ponsano, Cellas, Huesca.—K. James Chron., cc. xxix., xxx.

[6] Before Cellas.—K. James' Chron., c. xxix.

jects, they do wrong. I am in the right, and God will help me. I will not leave the town alive; I will conquer them." And when the Archbishop of Tarragona had failed to mediate, ("for they demanded things against my sovereignty, and so the parley was broken off")—and when even the net of cunning treachery at Huesca broke before En Jacme's sharp out-rush,[1]—then men began to see that the new king had address enough to cope with town-councillors, and valour enough to fight down his barons, and claims enough to make the mass of the nation believe in him. Then even Don Fernando and his people thought twice about the civil war. And in the end, with a frank admission of faults, such settlement and agreement was made, that all were joyful and content. The boy had struggled for his rights, which he had inherited as a child, and the youth at last had gained them. Perhaps no other prince it has been said, save William the Norman Bastard, ever shewed such worth in his nonage. Indeed, the two Conquerors are not unworthy of comparison.

At the close of this first epoch of the Conqueror's life, comes one of his best deeds—the foundation of the Order of La Merced.[2] The Orders of Santiago and Calatrava had been formed in Central Spain to give compactness to the eternal crusade against Islam, and to prevent that collapse of enthusiasm which always happens after victory, or defeat, in merely volunteer armies. The new order of Aragonese[3] chivalry added this as an essential duty—the ransom of Christian captives. The spare time of the knights was to be spent in collecting alms. Their serious business was not only to trample down the Moors in battle, but to bring back the prisoners of Zeit Abuzeit, or Aben Hud, to the barren mountains and free air beyond the Ebro. Such was the outcome of a vow made by the little king, then a child of six, when he himself felt as a son of captivity in the hands of the enemy of his house, the old Earl Simon de Montfort.[4]

[1] For vigorous narrative the passage in cc. xxxi., xxxii. is a good parallel to the Montpellier episode. Cc. 295—305.

[2] "Ordinem S. Mariae Mercedis," Zurita ad loc.

[3] Founded in *idea* by S. Pedro Nolasco, says Mariana and G. Mi. (205); confirmed by Pope Gregory IX., A.D. 1232 (Raynaldus, Zurita).

[4] Earl Simon, we are told by Roderic of Toledo, (De Rebus Hispaniscis VI.), and the rest, had kept a very tight grasp upon En Jacme, whom he had hoped to marry to his daughter (So Zurita). "Comes," says Blancas, 651, "ea omnia aspernatus, Regem puerum legatis tradere venuit, *peritus, ut creditur, patruorum consiliis*."

PART II.

KING JAMES THE CONQUEROR.

"And now, O Lord, the word Thou hast spoken concerning Thy servant and concerning his House . . . . establish it; and let the House of Thy servant be established."

En Jacme had been victorious, by winning round the mass of the people and crushing the irreconcilables; but he knew only too well how thin was the crust of good order over that state of nature into which Aragon, like the other Spanish kingdoms, was ever ready to relapse. What he had mooted in the hour of his peril he was now preparing—foreign conquest. And the first chance came near home. James was King of Aragon, Count of Barcelona, Lord of Montpellier; but there—running like a wedge into the heart of the little kingdom—was the almost independent county of Urgel. The first thing was to gain a real suzerainty over the whole land from Tudela to Barcelona, and this could only be made complete by the submission of the Urgel principality. While a city like Lérida was practically outside the king's jurisdiction, James' rule over Catalonia was but a possibility. And the chance was given through domestic discord. Probably it would have been found soon enough by a man who strained at nothing in his own realm, regarding himself as having a sort of divine right to build up his inheritance from its ruins wherever and whenever it might chance.

One En Guerau, Viscount of Cabrera,[1] had been in possession of Urgel, Zurita tells us, from the beginning of the reign, that is from the era of Ubeda, but always with reserve of the question of certain other claims, viz., those of Aurembiax, daughter of the Count of King Pedro's time, Armengol. It was now the year 1228. En Guerau had been Count *de facto* and *de jure* twenty years. The ever-wronged, ever-voluble countess was probably just as active now as she had always been for her claims—no more, no less;—but there was a new man on the throne of Aragon. James suddenly discovered that the orphan was being wronged at his very doors. He summons both parties to his court. En Guerau, of course,

[1] Cf., Zurita Annales, II., cc. lvii., lxxvii., lxxxvi.

is full of astonishment (like the English Parliaments of Charles I.) at this unscrupulous revival of obsolete claims. "He was not bound to answer such a preposterous demand; really it was too bad; the count was not one upon whom such an unfounded claim and such discourteous demand should be made."[1] The countess, through her envoy, expresses equal wonder that so good a lady should find such difficulty in meeting with redress. "God had willed, however" (was this inspired by En Jacme himself?) "that there should be kings;" and he gave them this duty to perform—to do justice to those who needed, "and specially to widows and orphans."[2] The other side start off again with eloquent disclaimers, when the king calmly remarks, "Have you anything else to say? What else do you mean to do?" and so the conference breaks up, while meantime letters are despatched to summon the loyal barons with all their followers, "as I wished to go against En Guerau," says the impartial judge.

By way of doing justice to the widow and orphan, the plan of campaign is promptly arranged. En Jacme is to conquer Urgel for the countess, and, in return, to have the suzerainty thereof, with the full possession of Lérida and of nine other castles. In a few months the bearskin thus divided beforehand is secured by the death of the bear, in the shape of all minor sovereignties within the county. Albeda, Menargues, Liñesola, Balaguer, Agramunt, Pons, and Lérida are successively victims of the king's energy, craft, or lofty claims. To the doubters, pleading that they have been put by the Count of Urgel into such and such a fortress, the answer is, "You know well that our sovereignty prevails over that of every one else,"[3] or, "You know well that the countess is your liege lady, men of Balaguer, for you were the born lieges of her father." As against En Guerau and his party the king's maxim remains throughout: *Skill is better than strength.* This is worked with such effect that when the count and his people, "who have not the wisdom of Solomon," come out of their last stronghold of Balaguer and see "how few knights there are around," they fall into great discomfort, and experience great shame and confusion. Yet when need was, as at Linola, James could storm town battlements with his handful of men, while all his best barons were counselling retreat. What was lacking between craft and force was made up with unlimited promises, judicious "advice" to neutral forts, and pleasantly elastic treaties of capitulation.[4] Never was a campaign more cleverly managed than this of

[1] K. James' Chron., c. xxxv. [2] Ibid., c. xxxv. [3] Ibid., c. xxxviii.

[4] At Balaguer the town is surrendered, not the castle, the king knowing that as soon as En Guerau is out of it he will have both.

Urgel. It must be remembered that the reserve of loyal Aragon upon which James could reckon was yet scarcely more than nominal; his actual force during the summer was but a few squadrons; even his staunchest followers felt a little squeamish about his infractions of the rights of vassals. This seizing of baronial castles which had never been "defied"[1] (as happened at Pons) was a thing of danger.[2] It was En Jacme's personality that carried the whole scheme through. It was his coolness, his great swelling words, his vigorous action whenever it was possible, his crafty "mining in the hearts of the besieged" when a storm was not possible; above all his subtle use of an oppressed woman, ancient loyalty, and undoubted claims, which, with scarce any army at all behind, linked together Catalonia and Aragon by the conquest of Urgel.

Now En Jacme was ready to commence his real scheme of life—the conquest of Moorish Spain; the one ideal which then appealed to every Spanish knight, as Spaniard, as Christian, and as landholder, and which to James himself might well seem to offer the one chance of success. Here the hope of uniting Aragon in a loyal following of a victor king—of making her prosperous by throwing open to her the ports of the south, of crushing the rebellious by giving them something to do instead of something to plot—all rested upon foreign conquest as surely as the security of Napoleon's throne in the France of the Revolution.[3] And in the Spain of the thirteenth century it was more than this—a re-conquest of the ancient heritage lost for six hundred years, a revenge on oppressors and misbelievers who had so long trodden the land under foot—this was the meaning of War against the Infidel to every subject of King James, and the king himself did not neglect to preach the holy war as ceaselessly and dogmatically as any Imaum. And he did so in real earnest. There is an odd mixture of piety, vice, unscrupulous craft, and violence in the king's life (pretty manifest even in his words, though here everything is overlaid with an almost miraculous self-complacency), but this does not mean that he was an artful hypocrite, like the S. Chappelet of Boccacio's first novel. He seems honestly filled with a sense of his crusading mission. In the moments of keenest danger it is to this he appeals, it is this he is never tired of reiterating.

[1] This ceremony held good even in lawless Christian Spain, as the necessary feudal convention in case of quarrel between lord and vassal.

[2] K. James' Chron., c. xlvi.

[3] En Jacme also had a method of associating others with him in his conquests by a share of the spoil. So, after Urgel is conquered, he marries the Lady Aurembiax to Don Pedro of Portugal, "his cousin-german" (Mariana, 204), to whom he afterwards grants Mallorca.

Before Majorca, "he is going on that voyage for the love of God," he tells the desponding, in the face of an adverse wind.[1] "I place myself wholly in the hands of the Virgin," he tells S. Pedro Nolasco, "that I will not raise the siege of Majorca till her praise is sung in it!"[2] "Those who are slain," he tells his army at the storm, "have better reward than ourselves—they have the glory of God."[3] "It was our Lord's will that I should do the best thing that any one has done for one hundred years when he made me take Majorca,"[4] he says again, when projecting further conquests. Before attacking Valencia he relates old stories which "shew it to be the will of God that he should take Valencia."[5] When the baronage counsel retreat, "My answer was, that what I was doing was in the service of God, and none of my house had ever done the same. Only two things I feared—one that God would be offended *at my undoing what He had done so well*, the other, shame before the world that men could blame me and yet speak truly."[6] When the castle of Bayren proves troublesome, it only seems to En Jacme more evident that *it was our Lord's will we should have Bayren*.[7] Before Murcia he prays passionately to the Virgin "that he might accomplish this his desire, which was that she should be worshipped and her name blessed therein."[8] Specially, perhaps, in his expulsion of the Moors from Valencia (a measure of obvious difficulty and very doubtful policy), does the crusader speak, instead of the prudent victor, as at the surrender, or the man of craft, as in general—"I would be delighted to destroy utterly them and their accursed sect, that those temples where the name of Mahomet has long been proclaimed and invoked might be retrieved for the faith of Christ."[9] And the same comes out most sternly in his insistence on the harsh terms of the surrender of Murcia. "I will give the town to God despite of you. . . . . That a muezzin should proclaim the Sabbath or name of Allah close to my head may seem to you a fit thing but is not to my liking."[10] And at the end of his life, and above all at Lyons,[11] James is the one sovereign in Christendom who still believes that a crusader can rescue the East from the Orientals, reminding one of that nobler conqueror who breathed out his life with the

[1] K. James' Chron., c. lvi. [2] Vilariya, p. 134.

[3] K. James' Chron., c. lxxix. [4] Ibid., c. cviii. [5] Ibid., cxxix.

[6] Ibid., c. ccxxxiv. [7] Ibid., c. cccviii.

[8] Still better (in c. 364) on the Revolt of Al-azrak—"It seemed to me as if the whole thing were the work of our Lord, and that He wills that His sacrifice be over the whole kingdom of Valencia, and that He shields us from breaking the treaties made, giving us cause and reason to go against them."

[9] K. James' Chron., c. ccclxi. [10] Ibid., c. ccccxlv.

[11] The Second Council of Lyons, under Gregory X., 1274.

sigh, "If I had been granted my full term of life, when I had won France I would have conquered the Holy Land." With a much rougher, coarser nature, James of Aragon—in his simple belief in a mission of conquest—is no bad parallel to our English mirror of chivalry and crusade, the "unconquered lord," King Henry V.[1]

II.—THE CONQUEST OF THE BALEARICS.

"It behoves you to do such works with our help, that the good name we have lost we do recover it."—*K. James' Chron.*, c. xlix.

THE first step in the long war of deliverance is introduced after En Jacme's way—"It was our Lord's will that, without my having summoned Cortes, the greater part of the nobles of Catalonia came to Tarragona to me."[2] At a dinner in a rich citizen's[3] house, James enquires about Majorca, and is told the commercial details. The baronage (according to his account) then take up the cry—"We hold it right that you conquer the island for two reasons, first, for increase of power; second, that those who hear of the conquest will think it a marvel that you can take land and a kingdom in the sea where God pleases to put it." With the general Cortes, the king, in his speech, insists on three points, first, "that his birth was through divine interposition;" secondly, that he had found in Aragon "man fighting against man and not agreeing on anything, which evil he could not have remedied, but by the will of God, which directed him in his work;" thirdly, "that the project in hand was 'for the honour of God.'"[4]

The general tone of the Cortes was a good specimen of the triumphs of success. It was undeniable En Jacme had scored a wonderful victory over the men who were now ready to believe that the secret of battle lay in his hand. The barons "answer and give great thanks to our Lord for the good intent He had given me;" and one in especial makes a very full confession for himself and the rest. "If any men in the world have evil repute we have, instead of the good we used to." His verdict was generally echoed. "If we

[1] *V.* Acts of Privy Council for August, 1422.

[2] K. James' Chron., c. xlvii.

[3] "En Pere Martel" Zurita and the Chron. Barcin, tell us.

[4] The immediate cause was piracy, as Desclot and Dameto tell us (106), the former at length (Hist. Catalina f. 45), the latter shortly. "The occasion was a matter of ships," which led to the embassy of the next year, with the famous dialogue quoted by Benter II., f. 10.

conquer the Saracen kingdom in the sea, all the bad repute we have will be taken away, for it will be the greatest deed that Christians have done for a hundred years."[1] This strikes the other note of interest in the scheme. A conquest of the Balearics would not only be a recommencement of crusade and an effective diversion from the morbid self-inflation of Spanish nobles when left to their own small souls and their own broad lands, but it would be an action of peculiar daring. The middle ages had not yet fully outgrown the abject fear of the open sea, which had passed on from the later empire into the Latin nationalities. This feeling made certain exceptions for such professionals as the mariners of the Italian republics, exceptions which had to be constantly enlarged. In reality the prejudice was already doomed. The early voyages of the Portuguese mark the end of its reign, but as yet it was strong enough to make Majorca seem a "precious stone set in the silver sea, which serves it in the office of a wall." To seize that precious stone it was requisite to cross the moat and climb the wall, and that few, save Genoese and Venetians, would then adventure.[2] But those who caught En Jacme's spirit felt with him that even Ubeda would appear a less brilliant triumph than this conquest. It would be something to set off against the constant advance of Turk and Saracen in the East—"a greater honour," as Montcada said, "than the subjection of three kingdoms on land."[3] King James had asked for help in three matters—how to put the land at peace, how to serve the Lord in the new enterprise, how and whom to consult so that all should be for the glory of God. To this appeal, backed by the knowledge of a strong hand once felt and the hope of a boundless prosperity yet to come, the whole Cortes—clergy, nobles, burghers—responded as the king had wished and schemed. "We will, first, that you make peace and truce throughout Catalonia, putting down in your writings and deeds all those who will be in it, and if any one will not be in it we will make him. And also we will, that you levy bovatge. This we give you as a gift, for once already you have taken it of right. And for ourselves, we offer to serve you with horses and men, and we pray you that since we do these things for you, you do give us a share in the conquest that you make—of the movables as well as the immovables—for we wish for all time to have a memorial of the service that we do you. The

[1] K. James' Chron., c. xlix.

[2] The Balearics had been conquered c. 1005 A.D. by the Ommeyads. They had been the last refuge of the Almoravides. The Almohades under their fourth Ameer, An-Nasir, had driven them out in A.D. 1208. (Condé iii., 61.) As to the pressure for a Valencian invasion or danger therefrom see Appendix.

[3] K. James' Chron., c. l.

Lord who made you willed that you should be our lord and king, and since it pleased Him it must also please us; for if you get honour and advancement, we shall have our share also, for it is the work of God."

After these addresses, they "asked me to prepare a writing, setting forth the division to be made of the lands I might conquer with their help; and the purport of the writing was, that according to the knights and the armed men and ships and galleys and vessels and the equipment in them, I, when the Lord had given us victory, would give to them a share, and to those who went with me, according to the munitions they brought. And that division of the booty would be made after the army started."[1]

This was King James' first great expedition, and it is a good example of his skill. If ever there was a general who knew how to drag together odds and ends into a respectable army, it was he. Here the process of collection took some time. All were to be at Cape Salou by the first of May, ready for crossing. En Jacme of course did not fail, but many of the fleet did; so he waited with a patience not very usual at twenty-one for the rest to come, till by September he had got together his 25 full-sized ships, 18 taridas, 17 galleys, 100 brices, and others—in all 150 sail. James was not given to sentimental writing, nor did he know much of the past, or he might have drawn a picture of expectant desperately-venturing Aragon, which should have been a parallel account, with varied names, to that of the start of the great Athenian Armament 1600 years before. Here again it was risking all on one cast—into the sea. But though he gives us no historical suggestions in this place, he himself felt both the crisis and the picturesque beauty of it. "When the fleet moved," he says, "it made a fine sight for those who stayed on land, and for us; for all the sea seemed white with sails, so large a fleet was it." Ever on the alert, the king had raked together a thousand volunteers in boats, "who had otherwise not gone," and followed with these in the rear. Even the short voyage tested his endurance. When they had made 20 miles of the 115,[2] the shipmasters wished to return in face of an adverse wind. James replied, "That since he was going in God's name, he had faith in God's guidance." The storm came on them just under Majorca, and the king broke into an agony of supplication,[3] "while no one in my galley spoke a word." Presently the

[1] K. James' Chron., c. lv.

[2] 130 miles from Salou to Almerug.

[3] "O true and powerful God, thou canst guard me to fulfil my will, which is to serve Thee. . . . And thou Mother of God, who art a bridge and a pathway for sinners, I pray thee by the Seven Joys and Seven Sorrows thou hadst for thy dear Lord, to remember me."—K. James' Chron., c. lvii.

driving wind carried them into Pollenza harbour, falling suddenly in a way that once again convinced the fleet and its general of the "guidance and goodness of heaven."

The landing followed,[1] a masterpiece of skilful disembarking; and then the mainland was conquered in one campaign of fierce, confident crusading, as the Moorish annalists tell us. "The Infidels made themselves masters of the havens, and obtained possession of the principal island of Majorca, after having vanquished the brave and glorious constancy of the Wali Said Alhaken Aben Osman El Coraisi. . . . This general made so noble a defence, and caused so great a loss to the Christians, that it may be said he permitted them to advance no step that they had not first moistened with their blood: yet he was at length compelled to retire, and to shut himself up in the fortress; . . . but in a short time, perceiving that no hope of succour remained to him, he was compelled to surrender on the most ruinous conditions. His example was followed by the Xeques and Xarifes of Minorca and Yebizet (Ivica), who offered themselves as the vassals and tributaries of King Gaymis. . . . Alhakem Aben Otman was continued in the Waliazgo of these islands, in accordance with a petition presented by the Moslemah inhabitants to their Christian victors; . . . until the Cadi, Abu Abdallah, led the people to insurrection against him, when the disorders thus occasioned caused the Christians [again] to visit those islands, on whose inhabitants they laid a yoke, the tyrannical burthens of which were heavily aggravated."[2]

En Jacme's account, infinitely more detailed, adds only a few points to this summary. His own enthusiasm when he sighted Majorca—"which seemed the finest city I had ever seen, and those with me thought the same;" his own self-control at the death of the Montcadas—"this is no time for weeping; let us carry their bodies off the field;" his own pride in his troops—"that was indeed an army, such that no man in the world ever saw the like of"; the splendid egotism of the Crusader "these nobles died in God's service and in *mine:* I will be lord to you that are left"; these and such-like details, because purely personal, are perhaps of most interest to us.

That the conquest was no matter of rose-water surgery is obvious from all accounts:—from the Moorish of course, for they were beaten; from the encomiasts, equally of course, for they are writing to glorify; but from James's own, we may admit, because he underwent all.[3] "That men may judge how hard a feat of arms was that, I will tell only this one thing, that no foot soldier, sailor or other, dared lie

[1] 7th Sept., 1229. [2] Condé, III., 114, 115. [3] K. James' Chron., c. lxix.

in the camp for three weeks, excepting myself, the knights and the esquires who served me." One cause of the Saracen defeat is omitted by their own historians. It was not only En Jacme's untiring vigilance and energy, not only his large and well-trained army, not only his emulous baronage that took Majorca, it was also the disunion of his enemies. An offer of provisions for the whole time of the siege, from one Beanabet, a "Saracen of the island," coupled with his message for a Christian governor to rule his district, and the similar messages of all the districts "up to the part against the Minorca division,"[1] shew that the Almohades at least were not popular in the Balearics. En Jacme was never ungrateful. Throughout life he was a master in the art of fomenting discord with promises and gifts. In his own naive way, he calls these unexpected supplies "an angel's present;" "for though a Saracen, this Beanabet[2] stood us in such good stead, that under the circumstances, I likened him to an angel."

The country was easily won, not so the capital. From a letter of James' to S. Pedro Nolasco, we gather that in the first attempt to breach the walls,[3] "the Aragonese were actually forced to depart and leave its place," and from the later chapters of the king's account, three additional points come out. (i.) After the Christian repulse efforts were again made on both sides to break up the siege; a generous renegade (Guillem D'Alago) offered to "arrange with the king of Majorca and the Xeques that they should give me all that we had spent in the expedition, and let us retire home safe and sound." Aragonese barons were found to recommend this. "I take my pledge," replied James, "that should any one offer me to pave with gold the space between yonder mountain and this camp for me to leave this island, I would not; for never will I return to Catalonia save through Majorca."[4]

(ii.) When at the last gasp, the Sultan, Sheikh Abohehie, offered five besants a head for ships and transports wherein to cross over to Barbary.[5] James thought "our Lord had now granted our wish;" but the baronage, anxious some time before to return scatheless, were now vehement for a storm without terms, the prelates in especial preaching the day of vengeance for the martyrs of Aragon. And this feeling proved too strong for the king's demurrer, "the dead have better reward than we; they have the glory of God." (iii.) After the capture the same men who had scorned the terms and compelled the sack of the city became extremely anxious for a sale by auction of all the captives, of all the goods and everything. This they carried, as they had the policy of No quarter, against the king's frankly-expressed opinion, "this

[1] K. James' Chron., c. lxxi. [2] In Marsilio, c. xxvii.—Benahabet.
[3] *V.* Desclot, f. 43. [4] K. James' Chron., c. lxxv. [5] Ibid., c. lxxviii.

will be no auction, but a cheating transaction, and besides that a blunder." The riots that followed might be thought to prove this pretty clearly, but the infanzones remained wise in their own conceits. At least their conduct was unchanged. All these cases go to show that at least on anything short of the essential matters of policy[1] the baronial party was still too strong for the king's personal wish. James was not yet in a position to say, as he said in 1273 to the waverers at Alcira, "Go, and ill go with you; I will do my work without you."[2] Here, indeed, the rush of popular discontent which followed the auction forced the ricoshombres back on the king they had slighted. He had to come and overawe the rioters. "I will hang so many of you that the town will stink of you."[3]

Whether King James bearded the Sultan of Majorca, as Muntaner[4] and Dameto tell us, "because he had thrown Christian captives from trebuchets,"[5] or not, the plunder was so great that "no one in the camp had occasion to quarrel with his neighbour,"[6] each thought he was better off. We have only to note that the Conqueror was able to keep the upper hand over the victors as over the vanquished.[7] More generally, the effects of this his first success—success in the best deed Christians had done for a hundred years, success so immediate and so complete—were felt at once. Even the angry mob, "dying of hunger here and wishing to go back home," listened to the Conqueror, though they hunted the Bishop and Provost of Tarragona "so that they dared not leave the citadel[8] all that day." The Saracens who had fled to the mountains were reduced in one campaign. Minorca fell into James' hands on his next visit without a sob or a resistance.

After the fall of the capital the chief question was that of settlement. And the first detail was to settle with those bulwarks of the great Spanish Crusade, the corporate bodies of the Temple and the Hospital; who had really done so much, who claimed so much more, who at least could never be left out of sight or out of mind. The king always favoured the Hospital. So now, though not at the taking of Majorca, the master[9] and a deputation came to beg something of

[1] They could not induce him to break the truce with King Zeit of Valencia. "He would not break his vow on any account." If they would come with him against the pirates of Majorca (he told them) they might and welcome: if not, he would go without them.—Dameto, 105.

[2] K. James' Chron., c. dxix. [3] Ibid, c. xci.

[4] *v.* Muntaner, cc. vii. viii. [5] K. James' Chron. c. lxxxviii.

[6] Desclot, c. 34. [7] Beuter II., f. 10.

[8] The Almudaina, as the King calls it.—K. James' Chron., c. xci.

[9] En Huch de Fuylalquier.—K. James. Chron., c. xcv.

the jackal's share. "For," said they, "you who have been our lord are the king to whom God has given it to take this island: should the Hospital have no part in it, people will hereafter say the Order and its master took no share in that great feat of arms; so we ourselves should be dead and shamed for ever." En Jacme's answer was that it would be the hardest thing he ever had to do. Indeed the land and goods were already divided: most of those who had got their shares had made off therewith, "otherwise it were easy to do; but for all that, said I, I will not fail to help you, so that you shall depart from me content." The king's words serve as a good text for three morals: the almost incredible value of the military orders to the five kingdoms,[1] at least in the opinion of their rulers; the skill of the king of Aragon at this time in devising readjustments and smoothing differences; his success in pressing his own plans even upon a victorious army, who might well grumble at having to disgorge plunder for the sake of one who had come at this eleventh hour. ("Was he likewise to receive his penny even as they?") Now, as usual, we hear little of the king's troubles and intrigues; instead of this we have a quiet summary of the result—"and so they did, and all were very content." How they were made content we see in the king's suggestion. "Barons, I myself have half the land as my own, I will give them of my share a good and honourable farm. I would not take from you or others what has fallen to your lot, but each man could give in proportion some small piece of his share; . . . for it is not well to offend such a man or such an order as this. For me, it will not matter what I give up." Then came the further prayer for part of the goods gained and houses in which to live. "That cannot be done," exclaimed the barons. "If I find a way for you, and it cost you nothing," said the king, "will you not agree? . . . Let us give them the navy yard to live in, and for goods the galleys that were once the king of Minorca's, and now mine." So in the result, "the master and the brethren were very glad, and kissed my hands; the brethren themselves weeping profusely, while the bishops and barons were pleased at my good settlement."[2] A man who could thus manage folk like the Aragonese nobility, so as to stave off that most perilous of all quarrels, the quarrel of conquerors dividing spoil, was indeed a conqueror.

The last thing was to root out what remained of opposition in the hill country. This was done in one expedition. The master of the Hospital was James' right hand man throughout. The Moors were smoked out of the deep mountain caves where

[1] We shall see an even better instance before Burriana, which even Blancas quotes.—Arag. Reg. Comment. ad loc.

[2] K. James' Chron., c. xcvii.

they had buried themselves, "and we captured no less than two thousand of them, with ten thousand cows and thirty thousand sheep, and so we entered Majorca joyful and content."[1]

Disappointment soon came to balance success. If James was, as men thought, successful to a miracle in his conquests, in his hopes of the crowns of Spain he was supremely unfortunate. Often he seemed within a little of uniting the five kingdoms under his sceptre; ultimately he failed at every point. Now, as he returned to Aragon, convinced, as he said to the army at parting, that "we had nothing more to fear," he was met by the worst of tidings. On landing at Tarragona, he writes: "I found Ramon de Plegamans,[2] who saluted me and kissed my hands. He knew of the agreement that had been made between me and the king of Leon, who had promised me his kingdom and his daughter to wife; and behold the king of Leon, Plegamans said, was dead."[3]

James had conquered the rebels at home; he was just returned from his new kingdom in the sea; now he must conquer his own passionate disappointment. The hopes which seemed to lead most clearly to empire were gone like a mist. That for which every true Spanish statesman, from the days of Sancho the Great, was always striving; that which James knew to be paramount in its importance over all else—the hope of a Christian Kingdom of Spain—that had seemed coming within his grasp, now it had floated indefinitely beyond. Yet he showed no sign. "When I heard the news it grieved me, but I comforted myself; for the conquest of Majorca was of more esteem with me than the gain of the kingdom of Leon, and as it was not the will of God I did not concern myself with what He did not will."[4] Again in Navarre and Portugal and Sicily and elsewhere the Conqueror would encounter like dashes of fortune, but he took his ill-luck as resolutely as his triumphs. Frankly he accepted the denial. He was not, after all, to anticipate Ferdinand the Catholic. Good: he would be content with his lot. He would indeed become a sort of patriarch over Christian Spain, but not through an imperial crown of

[1] It was now that the island was granted to the husband of Aurembiax, and heir of Urgel (Aurembiax died 1231). "To Don Pedro of Portugal (says Dameto, 137), King James gave the dominion of Mallorca in exchange for the estate of Urgel and all the rights he had to the crown of Portugal. By the agreement, Don Pedro held the island in fee during his life, with express condition that he should act in the king's interests." In A.D. 1236, Don Pedro had to swear fealty to the Queen of Aragon. In A.D. 1244, he resigned his charge, which was given to *Prince* James, 1256.—Dameto, p. 145.

[2] The same man as the Barcelona merchant, who had provisioned the fleet for the conquest of the Balearics.

[3] K. James' Chron., c. cvi. This was the last chance of Leon being divided from Castille.

[4] K. James' Chron., c. cvi.

Aragon, but by virtue of thirty victories, of the grey hairs of experience, of the natural dominating force of character. His chieftainship was one of courtesy. James had gained his first triumph and received his first great check in one breath. His first joyous welcome was now to come. "In Aragon, if any men in the world could receive their lord with tokens of joy, certainly here my subjects did so."[1] Loyalty seemed reviving since the days of Zaragozan captivity. Perhaps foreign conquest was doing the work. All people might not appreciate good laws or a sound constitution or steady commercial prosperity, but no one could cavil at the gain of the Balearics.

The alarm of invasion from Tunis recalled En Jacme to Majorca. The alarm proved false; it also proved the vigilance of the warrior-king. "A man landed in a boat.[2] He stood before me all pale, and said, 'My lord, I believe the King of Tunis may be already there.' 'Since God has given Majorca to me,' said I, 'it shall not be lost through sloth or cowardice. It were better to meet death in the island than to lose it by my default.' . . . And before I made the passage there came to me the Archbishop of Tarragona and others, and prayed me for God's sake and for theirs not to adventure my person. They took to weeping as bitterly as they could, throwing their arms round me; but I broke from them, and went to Salou."[3]

The Infant Don Pedro,[4] of Portugal, with whom James had covenanted for the defence of the island failed at the crisis. The king, as usual, found he must do his own work himself. "I must know if the King of Tunis and his army are there." When at the end of fifteen days he knew for certain that they would not come, James sailed back to Catalonia, followed by news that the conquest of the mountaineers and of the smaller islands could only be completed by his reappearance in person. "They would only submit to the king who had conquered the country." Again he crossed "the sea so smooth that we might get over in slippers;" again journeyed into the hills and despatched a mission to Minorca. In both places he was successful, by that judicious mixture of terror and cajolery which always came so easily to En Jacme. "But behold what the royal army consisted of. I had with me six knights, four horses, one shield, five esquires to attend on my person, ten servants, and some scouts. . . . So, when it grew dusk, I caused fires to be lighted in more than three hundred places in the bushes, in the likeness of an army encamping."[5] The Minorca people, terrified by the "blaze in the lentisk trees" (which passed

[1] K. James' Chron., c. cvii. [2] Ibid., c. cviii. [3] Ibid., c. cviii.

[4] For Don Pedro's relations to King James, *v.* Appendix.

[5] K. James' Chron., c. cxx.

into a proverb), begged the envoys of Aragon to have patience a little. "We replied we would do so," writes the king, with delicate if unconscious irony.[1] The treaty is mapped out on a sort of feudal basis, clenched by mutual bonds of service and defence, tribute and protection. When the conditions have to be signed, the king is at his wits' end to hide the nakedness of his court. Ever fertile in expedients, he has the place well swept and strewn with fennel, "for there was nothing else to serve for rushes. . . . Then I caused the counterpanes my suite had to be hung from the walls as if they were tapestry." They all put on their best clothes, and the king solemnly informed the Moors that he had removed to that spot "in order not to be interfered with." The agreements were presented, and a promise was given that they should be duly considered. So Minorca was gained without a blow. All the Saracens who had risen in the hills were taken as slaves at the royal discretion. "These I distributed among those who might want to settle on their lands; . . . and thus, with only three galleys, I achieved these two enterprises, because it so pleased our Lord, my Creator."[2]

The conquest of Iviça, which followed two years afterwards, has a special interest. It was a private scheme of the Bishop of Tarragona's, and so one of the last examples of the old system of Christian warfare in the peninsula.[3] Such had been the ventures of the Cid, of the Infantes of Lara, or of Fernando d'Acagra—of the men who had borne the burden and heat of the long day of resistance. Now that the tide had turned, the work of conquest was done by the five states, consolidated under five strong monarchies. These private exploits were now felt dangerous to unity and order. This case of Iviça was one of indulgence—a kindly anachronism which would come with a good grace from one who owed so much to the Church. The island was too much out of the world to need the new theory of national conquest. In striking contrast to this stands the treatment dealt out to Don Blasco Alagon, who precisely at the same time sent to the king, saluting him, "for Morella was his."[4] Morella was the central fort on the Valencian frontier. Two generations back, Alagon might have had it, and welcome. Now the king and his court think "it would be better the Moors were there than Don Blasco." The latter has to be content with holding *for* the king a citadel which En Jacme tells him "no one in the world ought to hold but a king."[5]

[1] K. James' Chron., c. cxxi. [2] Ibid., c. cxxiv.

[3] For the Bishopric of Mallorca, etc., *v.* Appendix. "En Jacme and the Popes." [4] K. James' Chron., cc. cxxxiv.—vi.

[5] James, now becoming famous, is honoured by a visit from King John, of Jerusalem, who came through Spain, landing at Barcelona, and was royally entertained there.—*v.* Mariana, 206.

III.—THE WAR OF VALENCIA.

THIS contrast of Iviça and Morella, showing us the old and new methods of conquest in such clear distinction at this point in King James' reign, has brought us to the central drama of his life—the War of Valencia. For Don Blasco's exploit among the hills of the frontier was the first step into the orchard of the charms of Spain. Once before, "Medina Valencia" had been lost to Islam. About A.D. 1060 the Cid Campeador had taken it in alliance with a party of disaffection within and without the city. It long remained an isolated pawn far in advance on the chess board of Christian Spain, completely encircled by enemies. At the death of Ruy Diaz the Moslems entered again into possession. Almoravide and Almohade had held it in turn; in the anarchy which followed Navas de Tolosa, it had gone to one Giomail ben Zeyan; the chief of the other (Almohade) faction fled for his life (so say the Arab chroniclers) "to the court of King Gaymis, of the Christians, with whom he had made peace. But the tyrant Gaymis was a mortal enemy of the Moslemah, and though he had taken arms with the ostensible purpose of avenging Cid Mohammed, he had no intention of restoring to that prince the states he had lost, but seized the occasion merely as a pretext for attacking and devastating the Comarcas of Valencia, on which he entered as the self-styled defender of the aggrieved Wali, in whose name the Christian then occupied all the fortresses of the land."[1] It was in this same year (1229) that the western Caliphate came to a final end in the person of the last Emir el Mumenin.[2] Abu Ali Almemoun died in this same August near Morocco, "after which the hopes of the true faith were cast down never to rise again." Any pretence of unity in Moslem Spain was now at an end. The hand of God seemed visibly working for James. Two chiefs and two parties were tearing Andalûs in pieces. While Yahye ben Anasir and Aben Hud were thus preparing to resist San Ferdinand, Giomail ben Zeyan was trying to carve out for himself a new Valencian kingdom, on the one side seizing Denia and "also making numerous incursions on the territories of Aragon, where he cut up the growing crops, burnt the towns, and devastated the country up to the confines of Tortosa, whence he returned with a vast number of captives and much riches."[3] Thus James had not only everything to invite, but everything to excuse, his aggression. Not only did divisions so irreconcilable offer the isolated enemy as a tempting prey, but recent wanton and cruel marauding gave the keenest edge to every appeal

[1] Condé, III., 110, 111. Sub ann., 1210—30.

[2] Ibid., III., 115.—A.D. 1232. [3] Ibid., III., 120.—A.D. 1234.

of religion or of patriotism which he could frame. The people of Aragon never forgave or forgot this. As the king puts it to Rais Abnalmalet at the surrender—"What had we ever done against his lord? When we went against Majorca did he not make a raid against us as far as Amposta, doing all the harm he could? Then we discharged ourselves of his love."

The immediate plan of campaign is suggested to the king by his old friend the Master of the Hospital. The occasion was a meeting of the court such as that which decided on the conquest of Majorca. "I had with me at Alcaniz En Huch de Fuylalquier and Don Blasco d'Alagon, and the Master took up the word, and said,[1] 'My lord, since we have done so well in the matter of Majorca and of the islands, why should we not undertake the kingdom of Valencia on this side of the sea, which has been for such time affronting us? Even your ancestors strove to hold it and could not.'" The others present follow this up with enthusiastic cries, "Valencia is the best land and the finest in the world, . . . there is not in our days so desirable a place as the city of Valencia."[2] James sums up the discussion with that judicial, unhesitating fatalism which perhaps always, certainly in that age, swayed great assemblies. He repeats his favourite tales, which "show it to be God's will that he should undertake that conquest." He then outlines his scheme. He will first attack Burriana and the plain beyond the Ebro; then the hill castles and the Puig of S. Mary,[3] which was the key of Valencia itself, and which, if he could hold, the capital must fall. The barons applaud. En Jacme's schemes are surely guided by heaven; Aragon will gird itself afresh for war. . . . Private enterprise, as we have seen, begins the matter. "Men on foot from Teruel" take Ares; Don Blasco gains Morella. These the king insists on holding in his own right; the captors may act as tenants, but no more. The barons wince, but yield; the citizen footmen are quite satisfied with a share of the spoil.

But before the actual conquest is fully begun, there occurs another of those side incidents which are even more valuable to us than the military history of the Commentaries. James in early days had married Leonora of Castile; later on he is closely allied with Alphonso X.[4]; his hopes of the Leonese throne had only just fallen to the ground; he was not without claims on Portugal; he was now about to become the heir designate of Sancho of Navarre:

[1] K. James' Chron., c. cxxvii. [2] Ibid., c. cxxvii.—cxxix.

[3] The Puig de Cebolla, "Hill of the Onion," the Decelea of the last campaign.

[4] His second and favourite wife was Yoland of Hungary.

what man had a better right to calculate on his alliances? "At that time," he writes, "there lived Don Sancho, the best king that ever was in Navarre."[1] The old king had been an inveterate ally of Moslemah against Christian; he had pleaded a sneaking affection for Moorish splendours in Cordova, and though he had done good service on the right side at Ubeda, he remained to the end a chosen object of suspicion and of persecution with the Pope and with Castile. Just now the latter was fomenting discord in Biscay; and Sancho, who had heard, like all the Spanish world, of his favourite's exploits, turned to him in trouble; "sending me word that if I would make a treaty with him he would sign a deed showing me such favour and love as no king ever showed to another."[2] In short he had resolved to adopt En Jacme as his heir; as such he treats the young conqueror when the two meet at Tudela. "My coming pleased him so that he did not remember ever being so glad in all his life; he would next day propose the best thing that any man had ever proposed to me." When that time comes he frankly offers to disinherit his nephew, Count Theobald of Champagne, in King James' favour; then Aragon and Navarre are mutually to adopt one another. But the former is very cautious—what about his son Alphonso? "He cannot take away his right as long as he lives."[3] Sancho at last agrees to include both, and the agreement is drawn and signed. It is confirmed a few weeks later by the leading nobles of both countries and the deputies of their towns (the Catalonian estates apparently not joining). "Don Sancho agrees to bring together all the nobles of Navarre and the knights, and from each city ten men, with consent of all the rest, that what they did the others would grant and approve. From all the large towns, likewise, four men apiece, with the same authority. I would do as much on my side. I would send for those of Aragon—for the barons, bishops, and deputies of the cities, and when his people had done oath and homage of lordship and fealty to me, mine would do likewise to him." What are called, in our imposing modern phrase, representative institutions, seemed to have been pretty well advanced in those upland Spanish kingdoms.[4] This example of the succession to Navarre proves how the estates had to be consulted—with a scrupulous care which was still the aim rather than the achievement of the English country party. The secret interviews of the kings were over; the proposal had been made, the treaty signed—when it comes

[1] K. and relations were divinely great and good.

[2] K. James' Chron., c. cxxxviii. [3] Ibid., c. cxl.

[4] *V.* Appendix, "James and the Constitution of Aragon."

to the details of the alliance, the friendship cools. Suddenly, it seemed to Don Sancho that this splendid giant he had adopted—so captivating at a distance—was inclined to interfere over much at home. To James, it became rapidly clear that the "best" of the Kings of Navarre "had no concern about his own business, and did nothing well for himself or for me."[1] Money matters proved a fatal stumbling-block—"manage your affairs in your own way, and I will manage mine in my way." (Hands off Navarre!) This was the last speech of the king, who had once seemed to have no wish but to spend and be spent for En Jacme.[2]

From the details of family history we pass again to the commonplace record of the Moorish war in the Valencian province, in the Orchard of the charms of Spain.

King James' campaigns may either be described in his own words and at his own length, or dismissed in a line. Perhaps it will be best merely to take those incidents to which the Commentaries have given something of living interest. Nearly a third of the royal Chronicle is occupied with the Valencian campaign. First we have a year before Burriana in the Ebro plain, then the season of the fall of Peniscola and the hill castles, then the action centres in the lowlands round the city. All interest at last gathers at the Puig de Cebolla. That "eye" of Valencia is found truly the light of the whole body; when the Moors have lost it darkness fills the court and capital. James holds it with his own desperate clutch against the whole force of Ben Zeyan. Finally, having staked all upon the outpost and won, the armies of Aragon find the siege an easy matter, and the garden of Andalus passes over from the Moor—Ommeyad, Almoravide, Almohade—to be the choice province of the kingdom of Spain. From the first it is not exactly a part of Aragon or a dependency of Catalonia—it is almost a separate state. The brightest jewel in the crown of James the Conqueror is scarcely transferable to any one of the five kingdoms, but in time Valencia will take its right place in a Spanish nationality. To the history of siege after siege, battle after battle, one need give little heed. On the contrary we have to note their indications—the unchanged character of the Richoshombres of Aragon, the relations of the king and his court to Castile, the manner of the Moslem defence, the articles of the capitulation treaties—and all these only as helping us to understand the position and attitude, the words and actions, of James himself.

The siege of Burriana—a strong seaport strongly fortified on the river Mejares—lasted two months. It was the entrance gate of the orchard of the Caliphate, and was

[1] K. James' Chron., c. clii. [2] *V.* Appendix—James and Navarre.

stubbornly held. The details were ordinary; there was no attempt at relief; but this one incident occurred—provisions were running rather short in the camp of Aragon towards the middle of the season, and the king was in fear of galleys from Valencia; when at this point appeared galleys from Tarragona instead. En Jacme resolved to seize them; in any case to keep them on the coast as guardships. He tried persuasion, and sent for the shipowners, entreating them in "every wise, since the galleys were there, to keep them, and I would willingly give what it had cost to fit them and much more." Then he repeated his old cumulative reasons. "I have fought and destroyed in Aragon and Catalonia all who rose against me; I have conquered the county of Urgel and the kingdom of Mallorca. This is the first town in Valencia that I have besieged, and raise the siege I will not.—For God's sake, and as you are my born subjects, do me not so great dishonour." The owners demanded security, and no one but the Masters of the Temple and the Hospital would suit. Now came the difficulty. The Hospital acceded at once. The Temple, "through Reginald Patot," the Master, replied, "It was not in the habit of giving security for a king or any one else." After numberless consultations the dissentients agreed, "in that you make a fresh charter confirming all those privileges we hold from your ancestors." The king started a little at first. "Know, Master, you ask too much." At last an oral bargain was struck with the two Masters and the matter tided over; supplies again flowed steadily into the camp, and Burriana fell.

But there could not be a better instance than this of the real weight of the military orders throughout Christendom—especially where Christendom was in most danger—in such a land as Spain. Here at Burriana the King of Aragon simply cannot move without the two Masters; from their hands he cannot escape without fresh concessions. Why the Orders were willing to have a promise by word of mouth instead of a formal document is an unsolved riddle. Possibly the knights preferred to trust James himself—who always kept his word towards Christians, though it were to his own hindrance—rather than to presume again upon the long suffering of the people of Aragon.[1] The will[2] of Alphonso, the Battle-fighter of Aragon, had once overtaxed that endurance. To those who remembered 1134 it might well seem best to put their trust in princes

[1] M. de Gayangos suggests the question, without a reply.

[2] A bequest of the Kingdom of Aragon to the Military Orders, which all the estates promptly repudiated A.D. 1134.

for the future. Alphonso and James were at least preferable to the nobles of Jaca or the citizens of Zaragoza and Teruel. The military monks James could keep serviceable "verbis ac donis"—the malcontent barons it was impossible to hold fast by any assurance. For even now, as before at Majorca, as again at the Puig de Cebolla, at the fall of Valencia, at Xativa, and at Murcia, right down to the last revolt of 1276, there is a party which, to the king's mind, "were never pleased at our success; they would rather my lands belonged to the Saracens than to me."[1] Happily their complaints were usually inopportune. At this moment, just when the market of the camp is glutted with plenty, these señors suggest—"We see great difficulty in your project; we cannot keep together the men of the towns; we should not like to have to tell you there was no food in the camp, and to leave you almost alone, so that you would come to grief and shame." In conclusion they offer the orthodox advice, "accept a compromise." The king replies, *in words*—"Having conquered the sea-kingdom in my youth, do you fancy I, in my manhood, will give up this petty farmyard now I am set down before it?"—*in deeds*, by sending for the Justiza of Aragon and all the loyal baronage, who resolve on a *coup de main*, "thus will we take Burriana in despite of the devil and the wretches he sends to give us such advice." The enthusiasts, few as they are, having once settled their action, soon carry the day against the many faineants. Within forty hours the garrison begins to parley. They offer surrender in a month, if not relieved. James refuses three days. If they would not submit, they must prepare for battle—"and in that way we had Burriana. . . ." Whether it really fell so easily, or whether, as the Arab chroniclers declare, the treaty was in the full assurance of safety, not only for itself, but for the whole Comarca,[2] James in any case had won a great victory. The entrance of the garden of Spain, once thought almost secure, had been forced. Yet it had been well defended, and the Mejares, so long a river Rubicon to Moslem Spain, was not passed by a fluke.

But the great triumph was over the feudal party. They had now proved their worthlessness to the cause of God, so all Aragon would feel. For himself, En Jacme felt it was the guiding of the Almighty hand, which alone could have brought him through. "Believe me, reader, when I say this to be truth, that twice did I uncover my whole body that the Saracens might wound me, so that if I had to raise the siege I could say it was my wound; but our Lord knows how things should be. He makes those to whom He wishes well act for

[1] K. James' Chron., c. clxvii.—clxix. [2] Condé III., 121.

the best."[1] The facts, indeed, seemed to answer to this. Ships from Tarragona had come to his aid at the crucial moment; the enthusiasm of his true friends had been called out by the paltry bartering spirit of the others—it was this sudden fervour which had taken the town. Filled with this conviction of all things working for him, James becomes more stubborn than ever. No post, however isolated, no defence, however desperate, no hope, however forlorn, will he abandon. He holds on to the rock by his teeth, when hands and feet have failed, again and again. It is the same against all parties. The Moors, treacherously friendly or openly hostile; the Castilians, oppressed by a sense of their own superiority; the discontented nobles, complaining of outraged etiquette or broken Fueros; the do-nothing party at the Council—En Jacme will yield to none, no not a hair's breadth. "I am sorry for the evil you will do yourselves . . . you imagine your threats can make an impression on me, but you are much mistaken . . . I marvel at your little sense"—such are his replies, well contrasting with Alphonso of Castile, and his eager, shuffling attempts to put off the evil day. There is a worse side to James' calm invincibility of temper—he is so utterly self-satisfied. Before the conquest of Valencia, he has been under a stern training; he has had to fight for life and crown and inheritance; now he has undertaken the part of conqueror abroad and of beneficent despot at home. Accustomed to ride roughshod over Moors, and temporisers, and arrogant allies, in time he does the same to the liberties of Aragon, to men who rebuke his vices, even to his own natural sons. With the fall of Burriana the young man James is lost to us. There is instead the hard, cool warrior, who never spares himself or others, who never yields a single point in dispute, whose stormy bursts of devotion alternate with as stormy bursts of passion—without pity for resistance, without kingly or fatherly tenderness for his enemies—James the implacable. And the old man, who "cannot really remember" any sins of his own, but plenty of good deeds, who is "very glad"[2] to see the head of his rebellious child, who abdicates with a last word of advice—to show no mercy to the remnant of the Moors—is in his least interesting time. He needs all the pathos of his position—standing at bay against nobles who had betrayed him, and countrymen who had maligned him, and Crusaders who had sneered down his earnestness—old savage King James needs all this to keep his life so full of meaning to the end. For common ferocity is very dull. But the ferocity of the aged king of Aragon has in itself something lion-like.

[1] K. James' Chron., c. clxxiv. [2] Ibid., c. dl.

Burriana once taken, the way was plain. One of the malcontents offered to stay in garrison while the king borrowed from merchants[1] provisions for two months and all other necessaries. Aragon again seemed of one mind for conquest. But if Don Exemen D'Urrea was converted for a season, the rest of the barons were soon at their old games. Just when the fort had been well garrisoned and all the Moors deported, a fresh embassy came "to speak to me in great secrecy and for my good." They declared how earnestly they desired the king's profit, ending with their usual argument, that the enterprise was too great to be carried through; "the king of Castile and you together could not hold it."[2] En Jacme they found unyielding as usual and retired with unfeigned dismay. Soon came what the king had reckoned upon, in case Burriana fell—the surrender of all the hill castles—Peniscola, Chivert, Cervera, Polpis, and the rest. The terms were favourable; religion to be unmolested, likewise the old liberties which had been enjoyed under the Saracen kings. James, anxious to get on with his work, forbade all ravaging, even to the felling of trees; "it would have offended the people if at our first entry we had begun to waste their land."[3]

Yet the indomitable conqueror had no easy task in keeping Burriana. It was only by following up what had been gained, by raiding up to the walls of Valencia, by routing out the enemies' bands from caves and hill forts and marshes, that he could guard what lay behind him, while preparing for the decisive blow. The incidents of the war offer but few points of interest. For one, we might note in the capture of Almaçora by an Aragonese flying band during this year, a curious parallel to the famous attempt on Bois le Duc in the great war of liberation in the Netherlands (1587). For another, En Jacme's daring but futile attempt on Cullera, which in any case gave him the motto for one of his sharp sayings ("I did guess, and happy is he who guesses, not he who has to find out"),[4] and led him into the Valencian plain. His project of attacking the "country towers" north of the Xucar startled the cautious barons out of their courage once again. It was nothing to them that these forts, in the king's words, were to the capital "like eyes to a man."[5] "No supplies with the army," they cried; "without supplies we cannot take towers like these." The master of the Temple advises some-

[1] King James' Chron., c. clxxix. [2] Ibid., c. clxxx.—clxxxv.
[3] Ibid., c. clxxxiv.
[4] Ibid., c. cxciii., In answer to his 'baronial oxen,' "Did you guess, my lords, what would happen?"
[5] Ibid., c. cxcvi.

thing else. En Jacme, when he has heard all, sums up as he was accustomed: "*I will tell you what I will do.*" All approve. The king promises them the first tower in eight days. Within five days this eye (not a league from Valencia) was darkened for the Moors. The rest were put out one by one. Now came the day of vengeance for the capital. James, after a hasty return to Huesca, to pay old debts to merchants and to collect troops, seized the Hill "of the Onion;" which, as we have learnt already from the king's plan of campaign, was the key of the whole position. The fortress, which the Christians renamed Puig Santa Maria, proved a very Decelea to Ben Zeyan and his people to the end of the struggle. The Conqueror's insight fixed on the right man to guard it. Don Bernard Guillen de Entença, an uncle of his own, who possessed some share both of courage and fidelity, received and held it with Zaragozan firmness till his death. When the Moorish armies had been broken against its walls, and the Huerta of Spain made one desert by the outposts of Aragon, Valencia did not need to be reduced in form. The game was up from the moment of the battle in which Don Bernard fell—which battle, say the Arabs, was fought towards the close of the moon Dyl Fragia, in the year 634 (A.D. 1237). The difficulties that still remained in James' way were mostly within the camp. Four separate times did the bishops and barons, the uncles and Queen Consort, try dissuasion. "It could not be held in the long run,"[1] was the verdict of one and all. Even the garrison grew desperate towards the end and determined on flight. En Jacme alone never wavered.

Twice he was in closest personal danger. As he passed under the enemy's forts and ambushes, he was often found counting the moments before he and his little band might be crushed; measuring with his eye the numbers of the foe; whether they were twice, or thrice, or ten times his own strength. "Yet our Lord willed that they should not come, and so I got away from them. . . . and verily I was glad when I saw them go."[2] "It is needful for man," put in Don Pedro Cornell, "sometimes to eat and rest." "These are not the ways of war," was the answer; "through resting men lose much." Nothing can break the king's determination. Admirable reasons are given him why the Puig is indefensible, why Valencia cannot be taken this year, why the men of Aragon cannot any longer endure the hardships of the war.[3] All have the same reply. "I tell you,—Don Blasco, Don Garcia, Don Exemen, Don Rodrigo, Don Pedro

[1] Specially in K. James' Chron., c. ccix. [2] Ibid., c. ccxxvi.—ccxxviii.
[3] As in K. James' Chron., c. ccxiv.

Fernandez,[1] all of you, that the place will never be abandoned, though En Bernard is dead; and from this will I take Valencia and the whole of the country around."

One of the crucial moments of En Jacme's life was the last crisis in the defence of St. Mary Hill. Garrison, barons, and chaplains, worn out with the ceaseless toils of defence, had forced themselves to think that the citadel was worthless. They agreed to desert the position *en masse* the next dark night. A friar revealed the plot to the king. Now, if ever, he felt, as he said to some doubters in another moment of peril, "by my faith in God, to-day will the flour be sifted from the bran."[2] At this time he was almost alarmed, but his purpose was as clear as ever. "All that night I was sleepless, my concern was so great; for the whole thing seemed to me as a spider's web, after so much work on my part to lose it all in an hour. That which I had managed to keep by dint of so many prayers and of so many 'honours,' thus to be undone . . . I was as if in a hot bath."[3] In a burst of wearied anger, he exclaims—"In the whole world there are no people so arrogant as knights." The next morning he calls an assembly; he points again to the great deeds of his life: have they not something of the stamp of success? . . . to turn back now would be to break the spell and ruin all. He swears "before God and this altar of his Mother" never again to cross the Ebro, till the fair city is his. He will send for his wife and daughter: perhaps those two queens in the camp will persuade the most reluctant—"what a will I have to stay here and to conquer this kingdom for God's service." This stopped the fugitives; but the hindrances were not all surmounted. Even the ladies he finds primed with objections, in which he recognised the careful and considerate work of Don Fernando, that ever watchful uncle. Again he declares to them that he "only feared two things:"—not Ben Zeyan, who could not fight any longer; not mutiny, which he had faced often enough before, and had just beaten again; not for his own life, which was always ready, which he himself believed to be divinely guarded.—"But first, that God would be offended at my undoing what He had done so well: second, that men could blame me before the world, and yet speak truly."[4] It was the motto of his life on its best side. This perseverance won the day, as it was bound to do. It was no use arguing with a man so inflexible.

Valencia itself, as En Jacme had foreseen, gave little trouble; though it gave the opportunity for a splendid

[1] "For by their faces, as well as their speech, which they did not enough dissemble, I knew my plans pleased them not."

[2] K. James' Chron., c. ccxxiv. [3] Ibid., c. ccxxxvi. [4] Ibid., c. ccxxxvii.

pageant of arms. Before its walls were gathered all the forces of Aragon; auxiliaries from every kingdom in Spain, from Italy, from the Balearics, from France, and even from England.[1] And it was in this camp that King James received, according to the orthodox Spanish tradition, that embassy from the Pope and the Lombard cities which might have brought him into the central stream of the troubles of Christendom. Of all this he himself tells us nothing. It shews how little he cared for Gregory or the Hohenstaufen. All his thoughts were fixed on the work in hand. When Don Fernando brings from K. Zaen the offers of tribute, a fortress, and a palace within the walls, En Jacme smilingly assures him "he will have both the hen and the chickens too."[2] The prudent uncle thinks his nephew must be demented, "his father would have jumped at such a treaty," but the nephew persists in his own judgment. He had not focussed the whole power of his kingdom on the national crusade to accept of any such bargains.

In fact, the preparations had been complete. Requisitions had been sent to all the towns, and to all who held of the crown, as they valued their fiefs and fueros, to appear in person, or to send good and serviceable substitutes. The result was "no less than a thousand knights" and upwards of sixty thousand footmen gathered round the royal tent upon the sea shore. "In that army," writes the king, "one could find every article one could wish to sell or buy as in a city, even to the wares of apothecaries from Montpellier and Lérida."[3] In the roads lay a small but effective fleet, to guard against succours from Tunis. Already the strongholds of the plain had fallen:—Paterna, Betera, Bufila, Castro, Nules, Uxo, Almenara, had all laid down their arms. The terms were most lenient; James reflecting in his half-cynical adage, "he who does not give what grieves him, does not get what he likes."[4] The ships from Africa,—so great in distance and fable, so feeble in fact,—only appeared to sheer off again, and then the end came very near. For one thing, "they had no supplies for so many people as were in Valencia,—men, women, and children,—as we had surprised them before their harvest." Ben Zeyan now tried for the best terms he could get. His nephew, Rais Abnalmalet, was the negociator. His skill and his address won James' favour from the first. He speaks as if the treaty of surrender were a personal act of grace. It is due to his friendship for the Rais, that he grants the Saracens to take away all their effects; that

[1] *V.* Appendix, "King James and the Pope."

[2] K. James' Chron., c. ccxlii. [3] Ibid., c. cclxv. [4] Ibid., c. ccxliv.

they should not be searched, nor any outrage done to them, but that all should go under escort to Cullera. "For Valencia (as the queen said) was not a thing that a man who could have, should risk from one day to another. Not for base lucre or splendid dresses should we put off what we had so long desired."[1] There was a double risk. The empire of the Amir el Mumenin might yet live again.[2] And there were traitors in the camp of Aragon. "We had to keep the matter secret," says the king of the Surrender Treaty, "for we well knew that we had to guard ourselves against many who did not wish my advantage or profit, in that or in other things."[3] But the Saracens had not yet learnt to suspect En Jacme's honour; they put "all their trust in him:" they were now glad enough to accept what was pictured as an exceptional gentleness, "for love of the king and of all the nation of Valencia."[4] The nation "returned great thanks for the grace I did them."

From the Arabic records themselves we gather the full hopelessness of the defence. "The King Giomail defended the city with his own troops, but fearing these would be insufficient, he despatched messengers to other leaders of the Andalusian people requiring succours. Likewise he sent a similar demand into Africa, more especially to the men of the Beni Zeyan, who were his kinsmen. And the latter did, in truth, come with numerous ships, but a tempest, which prevailed during the whole of that time, made it impossible for those much desired succours to land. From Andalusia no troops could be sent to the help of Aben Zeyan, seeing that all things in that unhappy region were in the extremity of confusion; disquietude and terror prevailed in all its borders; the Walies, more especially those of Murcia, thinking only how each might best exalt himself to independent sovereignty. So at length the inhabitants, exhausted by their sufferings, compelled the Wali Zeyan to propose terms of surrender; which surrender took place on the 27th day of the moon Safer in the year 636."[5] (A.D. 1238)

[1] K. James' Chron., c. cclxxviii. (Roba, *Span.* Ropa. = 1, Clothes; 2, Movables; 3, Presents, *e.g.* of Dresses).

[2] No one who knew the facts could afford to despise Mohammad Aben Alahmar of Granada, whose legend, "Le Galib illè Allah," recalled the proud humility of Yusuf Ibn Tashfyn, the Almoravide, and of Abdelmumen and Yakub Almanzor the Almohades, whose war cry at Alarcos was long remembered, "Lè Allah illè—Le Galib illè Allah."—Condé iii., 52, 147.

[3] K. James' Chron., c. cclxxvi. [4] Ibid., c. cclxxix.

[5] Conde, III., 128—9. The same authorities add a special account of the exodus from Valencia, in the year of the Hejira 645,—"The Moslemah could no longer endure the vassalage and servitude to which they had been reduced by the Infidel . . . and retired from the capital, as well as the other towns and villages of the kingdom."—Ap. Condé, III., 144.

The conquered, so the Conqueror's commentaries tell us, returned him their thanks. There were, however, some people not so placable or so docile. The opposition party of the baronage was staggered with rage and fear. They had lost no chance, however paltry, of thwarting their king in his wars; now they dared no longer rebel against him at home. Each separate triumph of the arms of Aragon had been so much gall and wormwood to them. At Majorca, at Burriana, at Santa Maria, they had tried and tried in vain to turn victory into disaster. Now their king's crowning success came upon them as a terrible surprise.—"Changing colour at the news as if someone had stabbed them to the heart."[1] But they were powerless to revive the Caliphate—or to stop En Jacme. All they could do was to quarrel over the division of the conquered lands: they strive hard to reduce the new arrangements to utter confusion. This move is foiled by the king's astuteness. He gives them with perplexing generosity "the commission of apportionment," for which they clamoured. Then he remains craftily inactive or ironically sympathetic, watching them with amusement as they struggle to satisfy themselves, till the general outcry forces them to throw up their office. To divide land, less in fact than what had already been granted out in theory, and yet to satisfy the great body of claimants, was an undertaking to which the Conqueror alone was equal. His solution was a simple but sweeping depreciation:—Make the land measure of the "Jouvada" (the acre of Aragon) here only equal to half its normal value, the margin will then be sufficient for anything: "it will still be called a Jouvada, though it will not be one."[2] Certainly King James could manage "cheating transactions" better than his nobles.

When the king had conquered his "Mal traidors" by yielding, and so turned the tables on those men of thin wits, who when they got their will did not know how to go about their work or what course to take, he made them give up their charge before a great council. Their disgrace should be before the world, as their murmurings had been behind his back.

In the final resettlement of the lands, down to the smallest details, the king was his own adviser. To his commissioners he left word, "to demand the charters of all grants, and to take account of all barons who had been with me at the siege, and of all knights and others to whom I had given hereditaments."[3] As to the laws of Valencia, they were now to be in the mouth and in the breast of the king. It seems

[1] K. James' Chron. c. cclxxxi. [2] Ibid., c. cclxxxviii—cclxxxix.

[3] Ibid., c. cclxxxix.

to have been his politic design in this country, says Henry Hallam, to establish a constitution nearly analagous to that of Aragon, but absolutely under his own limitation. Above all, the disaffected of the new province were not to acquire strength by union with the sturdy patriots of the old kingdom.[1]

So finished for that time the central act of En Jacme's life, his best known exploit, the conquest from which he takes his title.

Looking to the history of Spain in general, we may say that with the capture of Valencia the direct fruits of Navas de Tolosa were fully ingathered. Don Jayme and Don Ferdinand had now broken up Moslem Spain beyond repair. To the Moslemah it might well seem that Aragon and Castile, like the two fangs of the serpent, were at last biting through their prey. Yet the last agony of the devoured was two hundred years in length. The Spanish crusade may thank Alphonso X.—"the learned," "the emperor," "the lawgiver"—for that triumph deferred. It was not the fault of the king of Aragon that Granada was held against the forces of the Cross, until the Turk had reached the Danube and the Byzantine throne had ceased to be. He had done his part; for Aragon he could conquer no more, by the terms of the settlement of 1179, which it would have been civil war to infringe.[2] As it was, the jars with Castile were frequent and dangerous enough; yet James is never accused of breaking faith with Christians. He was imperious and Alphonso was petulant, and twice their two kingdoms came to blows. These the King's Chronicle scarcely notices. But it would have led to a lasting and fatal quarrel if the Conqueror had seized Murcia for himself either now or in the crisis of 1262.

At this point in the King's Chronicle comes an incident, standing pretty much by itself—the Reclaiming of Montpellier. This city appears at the beginning as his paternal lordship, and then, saving in this brief visit, and another at the time of the Lyonnese Council (1274), scarcely appears again. Lying far up at the head of the Gulf of Lyons, the connection with Aragon was of necessity slight. The king may have just heard how slight—perhaps his bailli had sent to tell him of his own danger and the practical surcease of royal authority in the town, James merely says he went "to ask for aid towards the outlay he had made in conquering Valencia." What follows is the liveliest piece of narrative in one of the liveliest of mediæval Chronicles. The meeting

[1] *V.* Appendix, "James and the Constitution of Aragon."

[2] Alfonso he frequently accuses of tampering with it.—*v.* Appendix, "James and Castile."

with the leaders of the opposition party outside the town is in En Jacme's slyest vein. "When I got to Lates the chief men came out to meet me, and En Pere Bonifaci with them.[1] He was at the time the most powerful man of the whole town (the aristocratic tyrant in germ—a parallel, with changed names and places, to the Arteveldes of Ghent)." A quarrel ensues between En Pere and James' body guard, and it is Judah and Ephraim over again. "Leave the king to us," said Bonifaci, "it is so long since we saw him, and it is our right to go next him." "Then I made signs not to oppose Bonifaci . . . and I seemed to take no heed of what was said, but I thought at the time that En Pere's pride was very great."[2] When the king arrived in Montpellier, it must have reminded him of the early days at Huesca and Zaragoza—it was again as if he had placed his person in the power and within the walls of rebels. He found all ready for the destruction of his bailli, En Atbran, and that very night was favoured with a fresh deputation from the Town Council (who were all of Bonifaci's party). These good people, after the orthodox method of all plotters, assured the lord of Montpellier of their supreme devotion to his person, and of the odious character and history of his one true friend—not to speak of their own magnanimity. "But for us they (of the populace) would drive him out, aye, even from the vilest sewer in the town. . . . But in you lies the power and the possession. . . . And what time we have endured him, we have done so for your sake."[3] En Jacme replies, cautiously, "En Atbran was a good man, after all; as for himself, he was full of all lordly benignity. There should be no contest among them, 'save as to who should best serve the Lord of the city.'" Matters looked rather black, but James soon discovered that the crafty bailli had been forming his party among the common people, whom Bonifaci and the Town Council, in their securer insolence, had not troubled to court—diggers, tanners, potters, salters, excavators at work on the forts, had all been brought over, and deputies from all these guilds "with torches and candles" were admitted in turn during the following night to gaze on their lord, of whose power they had heard so much, and of whose benignity and kingly care of the poor and fitting generosity they would hear still more. They gibbered with delight to find the Conqueror of Valencia

[1] K. James' Chron., c. ccxcv. Lates, the little port now silted up, is seven kilometres from Montpellier.

[2] Ibid., c. ccxcv.

[3] K. James' Chron., c. ccxcvi. *v.* Histoire de la Commune de Montpellier, tom. i., p. 377.

and the sea kingdoms so affable, so full of promises, so ready to act for his rights and theirs. "He was welcome a hundred thousand times," they told him again and again; "welcome as is the glorious Easter Day."[1] . . . Their hearts and their estates, and all they had in this world, were his. . . . Now could he put Montpellier right, if any one in it had done him wrong. . . . . "Now can you revenge yourself," put in the bailli, coming at last to the point. "En Atbran, you speak well and gently," was the reply, "but since you have such good desire to preserve my rights, so will I have it at heart to do according to right and reason, with counsel of yourselves." For grim irony, the Lord of Montpellier had few equals. Certainly on this occasion he was one too many for En Pere Bonifaci, both in deed and speech, as he was more than equal to the swelling Castilians in the south. Both suffered under the same complaint—a plethoric pride which could not (any more than poor Falstaff) "let them see their own knees," and blinded them to everything but their own magnificence and virtue. A keen, shrewd warrior, like the Prince of Aragon, saw through them in a minute. When next morning the king came out from Mass, the populace rose and demanded "justice on the wrong doers." The king quickly checked this. "It was always," said he, "my thought that they loved me, but now I wholly believed it. They might depart, and from that time protect my rights and interests in Montpellier. And I thereon sent word to En Pere Bonifaci and others of that party to come to me next day." Needless to say, they did not appear. James, not forgetful of the value of appearances, gave them a month's grace. "Then," he remarks sententiously, "I seized all I could find of their goods and hereditaments, and with that very engine they had made,[2] I pulled down the houses of those who had taken flight. . . . . Thus did I punish those who deserved it, and the present councillors and the rest, since I put them in office, have maintained themselves there up to this time."[3] While En Jacme was at Montpellier, the Earls of Toulouse and Provence come to meet him, to treat of a divorce between the Earl of Toulouse and his wife, Sancha, the aunt of the King of Aragon. Owing to the lack of issue, there was danger of the principality falling to France. At this time, Navarre dreaded this as much as anyone. So in order to oppose the power of Lewis, the three princes of Montpellier, Navarre and Toulouse concluded a league, June 5th, 1241.[4]

[1] K. James' Chron., c. ccc. [2] To destroy En Atbran's house.
[3] K. James' Chron., cc. xxx. and xxxiv.
[4] Mariana 20 (1240).

Meantime, the Valencian treaties had been broken in two directions. First, the remnant of the old population had been oppressed after the most approved Spanish type,—treated as infidels, concealed traitors, and men of altogether inferior race, whose feelings and opinions were quite beneath consulting. Secondly, the boundary of the Xucar had been crossed by the reckless knights of Aragon, who had ravaged up to Xativa and alleged full authority from James himself. Both sets of men, when they found their actions disavowed by the king, declared their good intentions. "They did not consider by so doing they had done me disservice!" James' rebuke was all that could be wished. "Yes, you have done me disservice, for one thing in that you have done hurt to the Saracens, for another in that you have broken my orders. The Saracens are living under my faith and you have broken my promise to them."[1] Yet he took care to keep all that the military aggressors had seized, though he put back "each man into his farm" of the dispossessed Saracens within the conquered Comarcas. Nay more, he followed up the first raid without any loss of time, demanding submission from Bayren, Villena, Cullera and even Xativa. Denia had to be attacked in form—the account of which, entirely omitted from the King's Chronicle, is supplied with many objurgations by the Arabs, who tell us of a "formidable host under the tyrant Gaymis," "of a valiant defence" by the general of Aben Hud, king of Granada, of "perpetual assaults with devilish engines and machines of the enemies of Allah," of "the long and obstinate siege" which ended in the "deplorable event" of its surrender to the Infidel.[2] The three Walis, who might, if allied and really of one soul in the defence, have long kept unbroken the line of Islam in Spain—Giomail ben Zeyan of Valencia, Aben Hud of Granada, Aben Alahmar at Jaen, by steadily and unceasingly hating and fighting one another, were bringing matters to a speedy end.

En Jacme had just reduced Ibn Zeyan so far that he would have been glad to give up Alicante and take a vassal kingdom under his conqueror in Minorca, the fall of Denia had just advanced the Christian outposts to Cape San Antonio. At this very time San Ferdinand closed in upon Jaen. Aben Alahmar's chivalric visit to the victor's tent at dead of night, that victor's equally chivalric generosity, did not disguise the fact that now there was only one sub-kingdom left to the Moors, that of Granada. If Ferdinand III. had lived another score of years, it is at least of reasonable probability that the Faith of the Qur'ân would have ceased in Spain. Fer-

[1] *V.* Appendix, Navarre. [2] Condé, III, 135, 6.

nando's death in 1252, put a dreamer on the Throne of Castile, though it made James of Aragon Patriarch of the Christian Kings of Spain. Meantime, while Ferdinand was still before the walls of Seville, James (now called by the Moorish annals, for some unknown reason, "Count of Barcelona") was rounding off his possessions, adding, now here, now there, all the cities of the old Valencian domain of Ben Zeyan. Of these, Xativa was the chief. It was next to Valencia in size, strong by position and in beauty pre-eminent, so much so as to wake all the poetry of the Conqueror's nature, "we had the finest prospect that could be imagined, looking down on the town," "there were the most beautiful gardens and the finest cottages that could be devised . . . . there too was the noble castle with its lovely gardens." En Jacme had taken up some of his nobles to view the place, and almost forgot their presence in his joy. "Great was my delight at the glorious sight; I thought that not for Pedro Alcala alone would I come against Xativa with my host, but to gain that fortress for Christendom and that God should be served thereby. But this I would not say to the others."[1] It was impossible that either their loyalty or their imagination could rise to the King's flights. The Baronage were growing more and more afraid of the extension of the royal power, and of any trace of humour or fancy they were apparently as destitute, as the average Front de Boeuf in all lands. James had to catch them with guile. "I told them that the Kaid of Xativa would not surrender the prisoners, and so concealed the truth from them. For myself I thought it was better that the knights should remain in prison, and in that way I should get Xativa, since God had given me the power of taking it."[2]

There were two incidents of interest, if not of importance during the two Sieges of Xativa. The etiquette squabble with the Baronage during the first; the little breeze with Castilian arrogance, during the second. The first came naturally out of the relations of the king and his ricoshombres. These relations, growing more and more strained with En Jacme's increasing despotism of temper, produced explosions frequent and serious, more and more frequent and more and more serious till the general revolt at the end of the reign. The barons had far too thick a skin to be touched by the Conqueror's scarcely veiled contempt; his sarcastic epigrams left them as ready as ever to play the fainéant, or to cry "Sauve qui peut," in

[1] K. James' Chron., cccxviii. Pedro Alcala and some Ar. Knights were captives in the city. Siege was nominally for their release alone.

[2] K. James' Chron., c. cccxxi.

moments of vital import, but to ruffle their proprieties or to take their money made them at once as haughty as Castilians and as obstinate as mules. It was in this case a breach of manners, as they considered it. A homicide tried to take refuge in the tent of one Don Garcia Romeu. The king dragged him out by the hair of his head. The friends of Don Garcia were aghast, their feelings (they declared) were outraged. "They wondered greatly, . . . did not look to receive such great shame for their services. The king knew well that if ever a man after committing a crime, gets into a knight's house, he is secure,"—and such a knight as Don Garcia too! Shocking![1] Nonsense, replied En Jacme (This claim of Asylum was rather cool).—"The houses of the barons are not churches, out of which murderers cannot be taken. Don't go seeking ridiculous pretexts against me." The aggrieved party had to swallow the affront, but they became slacker than ever in open war, and in secret plotted with the Kaid of Xativa. The king discovered it, and showed more than ordinary prudence. He made an immediate treaty with the besieged. With his usual nonchalance he offered to the Moslems, as a great favour, to accept their previous offers, upon which he could now hardly improve. "These Moors ought to say what they want, if their terms are such that I can accept, let me hear of them."[2] The Kaid was only too glad to stave off the Conqueror's attack; he probably knew that even a victory with the help of James' malcontent nobility, would only mean special and bitter misery for himself and his people in the long run. In any case Don Garcia and his friends were effectively counterworked. There was an interval of a year and four months truce, during which Algezira surrendered. Then occured some small infraction of the treaty, originally caused by a raid of Aragonese Almogavars, on whom the Xativa Moors had made reprisals. "When I heard that," writes the king, "it pleased me for this reason: the Kaid had broken the agreement with me and so I had cause to go against him." Exquisite frankness: brutal sincerity! Here we have a faithful picture of the Conqueror's dealings with Mawmetry all the world over. Is there any affinity in his nature with that "captious litigiousness" asserted to be the only fault of the First English Edward? Of all European Countries England and Aragon were the most constitutional in their government and aims. Is this the explanation of the exacting legal spirit so manifest in both Conquerors—of Valencia and of Scotland? In any case, the second siege of Xativa, in its cause, in its conduct, in its conclusion, is very

[1] K. James Chron., c. cccxxiv. [2] Ibid., c. cccxxvi.

typical of this inclination of En Jacme's, in all times and places and manners, to take advantage of the strict letter of the law.

With the unhappy Kaid and his Moors, this policy seems repellent enough to our sympathies, but matters are rather different when the king of Aragon is at last brought to an open breach with Castille. The infante Don Alphonso chose to fancy that the Comarcas of Xativa were within his right. Now in the prospective division of Andalus made by the previous generation of Christian kings (A.D. 1179), all that portion without doubt fell to Aragon. Of this En Jacme was well aware, and these new movements surprised him not a little,—"the more so," he says, "in that we were already related, and that my daughter (Yoland) was his wife."[1] "I did not think the Infante would hold anything in the world that belonged to my conquest," he exclaimed on finding Enguera and Muxent in the hands of Spanish commandants. He became very indignant. He hung on the spot a "man of Cuença" whom he found acting as a go-between for the Infante and the Moors of Xativa. He executed 17 men of the Enguera garrison whom he had caught, on the refusal of the rest to surrender the castle, and promised "to do the same with all those I could take till the place was empty of men." This made the Infante a little more cautious, and he actually condescended to negotiate, after trying in vain the garrisons of Villena and Saix. The meeting of father, daughter and son-in-law was at first quite regular; "we had great rejoicing and love, . . . for it was not well to speak of business on the very first day of our meeting."[2] Next day seams began to show, threatening to split up the surface agreement and growing wider and wider with each fresh claim and each fresh rebutter. The Infante opened by remarking to En Jacme that "he had married his daughter and did not believe she could have been married better," but that he expected Xativa as an extra dowry portion. The king of Aragon reminded him that "when he married his (Alphonso's) aunt, Dona Leonor, they gave him neither land nor domain, house nor holding." As to Xativa, he must not take it amiss—but he would surrender it to no one in the world. At this, Castilian insolence rose; all the courtesy of the first meeting passed clean out of mind. "You had better give up Xativa in form, for if not, the Kaid will certainly treat with the Infante in private: anyhow he will get it at last!" Then En Jacme fairly lost his temper, though not his resolution. "There is no man in the world however temperate, whom you would not put in a rage; you do everything with such

[1] K. James' Chron., c. cccxli. [2] Ibid., c. cccxliv.

haughtiness and pride, imagining that everything you ask will be instantly granted,—but you are much mistaken." It looked like war, but the queen of Aragon meditated, and Don Alphonso, not prepared to fight, now that he was fairly defied, agreed to a fresh division of the lands already won and to be won, giving up his demands for Xativa.[1]

The submission of that city "the key of the whole kingdom" beyond the Xucar, was now certain, the queen's advice to her husband being now as always, "Xativa is too good to risk for the sake of a castle or two." An aphorism the moral of which is seen in the Moorish account. "The Wali then sought to secure the best conditions obtainable, yet, favourable as they might appear, they could not but prove ruinous, since nothing better than death or destruction could be expected from the perfidity and fraudulent promises of the treacherous Barcelonese. For now he offered the inhabitants that all should be left tranquilly in their houses and to the peaceable enjoyment of their possessions with the free exercise of their religion, and so . . . was admitted into Xativa. Yet no long time elapsed before he drove out the Moslemah, leaving them to wander impoverished and wretched, whither they would.[2] The cunning subtleties of En Jacme at this time reminds us of his capture and treatment of Balaguer in early days; he only asked for the smallest castle, sure that when that was in his hands, the larger could no longer remain with the Kaid.[3] All this was covered over with a rather shiny varnish of love and goodwill, so excessive as to make the simplest doubt. "For his love I would grant the capitulation as proposed, though I had not got the business ended as I wished."[4] It is perhaps evidence of the new, deepening distrust of the Moors against En Jacme, that just at this time the town of Biar, which had invited him on the ordinary terms of full and free surrender, drew back. It was only after six months parleying, an extraordinary expenditure of diplomatic sugar and honey, and the grant of a special Charter for the "Sonna,"[5] the Moslem Law of Tradition, both religious and civil that Biar submitted.[6] This meant the end of all resistance in the Valencian lands, for "now," writes the king, "the Saracens

[1] K. James' Chron., cccxlviii.—ix. [2] Condé, III, 143.
[3] K. James' Chron., cccliii. [4] Ibid., cccliv.

[5] In all the treaties (Gayangos says), granted to the Moors by the Christian Kings of the Peninsula in 12th and 13th centuries the words "Cunna et Xâra" are used for the Laws and Customs, religious and civil, under which the Conquerors allowed the Moslems to live. While Granada remained dangerous, the treaties were kept.

[6] "Up to this time," says James, ccclvi., "no Saracen had ever broken faith with me."

seeing that I had both Xativa and Biar surrendered to me the whole country, from the Xucar up to Murcia, on conditions that I should leave them in the kingdom. And so I had it all to myself."[1]

[1] C. ccclx. of Chron.

PART III.

PATRIARCH OF CHRISTIAN SPAIN.

"Omnis Laus in Fine canitur."

"Car aquest segle est en semblança de foch e de la estopa."—K. James' Chron., c. dxxx.

"Well do you know that when the hour of death comes, we kings take nothing from the world but a shroud apiece, which is indeed of better cloth than those of others, but this only remains of the great power we once had."—K. James' Chron., c. cxlvii.

In the year 1252, Ferdinand of Castile, Ferdeland of the Arabs, San Fernando of the Church, was called on to yield his life—as the Moorish chroniclers phrase it—to the irrevocable decrees of God the Omnipotent. His death changed the face of Christian Spain. Sancho of Navarre had been dead twenty years; the king of Portugal was an exile; the successor of Ferdinand was no man to lead in any cause. James of Aragon, therefore, was the senior chief in the league of the Five Kingdoms. From this time the advance of Castile is stopped. The reign of Alphonso brought her considerably nearer to anarchy than she had been at any moment since the beginning of the eleventh century. El Sabio ("the learned," not "the wise," as a Commentary explains) was a sovereign who passed his life in one long day dream—the contemplation of his own magnificence. It was this that led him to his wild hunt after empire. It was this which made him so weak at home, and so terrible a failure in a wider field of European intrigue; it was this same negligence of conceit which caused the great rebellion of 1262; it was this which at last forced him to lean upon the king of Aragon in all things. Having quarrelled with James, and fought against him, and jested with his enemies at his expense, he came to think of him as his one support and counsellor.

The troubles of Castile gave En Jacme the chance, as he had the will, to exercise a paramount influence in all the Christian kingdoms of Spain. He never threw away his power in wanderings after those mediaeval phantoms which led his son-in-law to the verge of abdication. His crusading projects were very different. More than this, he uses his opportunity well; he helps Alphonso when the

Cortes of Aragon would have made profit out of him. So both gratitude and necessity brought the lawyer monarch to see more and more clearly the superior force of the blunt and subtle conqueror; receiving from him with no little docility long instructions upon the art of governing, upon the methods of war, or upon the true meaning of crusade. At last he gives himself into the hands of his guardian:—"Promising, when he again undertook anything, not to do it without my advice; and, if he failed, to come to me in time, I could put it right for him."[1] So, after the re-conquest of Murcia, Alphonso is planning against Richard of Cornwall, or scheming for the approval of the Pope,[2] or proposing to go to Germany in person to receive that already venerable phantom —the crown of the holy Roman Empire. But while he is frittering away all his chances at home, En Jacme is acting as leader of the Spanish crusading spirit, representing Spain at the Council of Lyons; or as king, crushing down the reviving hopes of feudalism both in Castile and in Aragon. His dreams were of practical politics; of leading Christian armies under the banner of Aragon to conquer the East; of making the monarchy the one reality in Spain; of carving Catalonia into an appanage for his favourite son; of bringing all his realms under an absolute identity of subjection.

The king's autobiography is much slenderer for these last twenty years, but it is still very suggestive; perhaps an increasingly good reflection of the writer's character, for it was during this very time that the record was compiled. The history falls into two parts. The first: From the recovery of Montpellier to the fall of Murcia. The second: From that to the death of En Jacme; the one being the period of acquisition, the other of fruition. The revolt of the Moors is the connecting link. It is this which really gives James his patriarchal position. He who might have carved out his own profit from his son's loss, standing by his children without fee and without reward, had his recompense in the obedient love of the house of Castile. There is another side to the picture. At home the conqueror and deliverer seems just like a tyrant to those who loved the old liberties of Aragon. The last years, the time of his sunset glory in the eyes of Europe, is also the time when his nobles as one man "renounced allegiance" to him and to his son.

[1] K. James' Chron., ccccxciv.

[2] With pathetic childish longing he moans out to En Jacme (c. 547) his wish "to go to the Papal Court in person, respecting the wrong the Pope had done him in the matter of the empire, and in other matters." If Alphonso, it has been remarked, could do anything to make his position towards the Pope more hopeless, he did so by speaking of his claims, through the female side, to represent the house of Suabia!

He, for his part, had grown reckless. To be thwarted now by his Ricoshombres, or by any others, was simply unbearable to him. They should go on crusade, willing or not. They should indulge him in the matter of his best beloved child; Catalonia should be the heir's portion. As for the Moors, their day of grace was past. Had En Jacme lived to carry out his own will, the days of the Reyes Catolicos and of Philip II. would have come, soon and sharp enough, for the Moriscos. His last words shew his utter determination to push to the death that long struggle with Granada which lasted on for nearly seven generations more.

This third period begins for King James with a revolt against his authority, an expulsion of the Moors, and a re-conquest. All this is a little in anticipation of the main drama. At least from the time of San Fernando's death, the Moors of the South had been plotting with their brethren under durance of the Infidel for a general uprising. The Valencian rebels were premature. While En Jacme was trampling down the troops of Alazarch, Aben Alahmar of Granada was aiding Alphonso in his attack on Xeres.

Awkward though it is, let us take events here in strict order of date. En Jacme had returned to Aragon. Far up in the country, at Calatuyad, he heard casually enough that one Alazarch[1] had taken some castles and lands in Valencia.[2] The king saw the danger at once: he knew too well that when Moors rebelled in one part, there were many more upheavals to follow. But he was also fiercely, pitilessly joyful. So far he had kept treaties pretty well; what did it matter if his intentions had been sinister? These Valencians had rebelled without provocation. They were all traitors it was plain. Now he would clear them out of the country, bag and baggage:—"It pleased me much." Alphonso was quite unconcerned. Both now and later he was rather disposed to intercede for Alazarch than to help his wife's father.[3] Perhaps, generally speaking, he liked not the noble protector. Certainly he was not indisposed to get a little fun out of "the hunting of the castles of the king of Aragon," and altogether shewed a fine unconcerned, liberal spirit. Meantime, was there not something of a volcano under his own feet? We learn that from the other side—from the Arab Historiographers.

"That prudent sovereign Aben Alahmar clearly perceived the many difficulties that must oppose themselves to the duration of his friendship with the Christians, who being his natural enemies would be moved to his injury by the slightest occasion, seeing that the wormwood cannot lay down its

[1] Generally called Al-azrak, "of the clear blue eyes." [2] A.D. 1254.

[3] K. James' Chron., ccclxxvii.

bitterness nor the colocynth its acridity.[1] Accordingly to all offers from the disaffected under Castilian rule he lent willing ears. The Xeques of Murcia, Xeres, and Sidonia were at last promised the support of the whole force of Granada.[2] The plot was laid for a simultaneous rising throughout southern Spain, in the name of Muhamad Alahmar. So when the time came, instead of going to the aid of Alphonso against the rebels who began the insurrection, he fell upon the nearest Comarca, and fought the battle of Alcala de Aben Zaide and won the day. The revolt spread like fire through all the recent conquests of Castile, and within a month the son of the conqueror had lost three hundred "large towns and castles."

Then En Jacme at last saw the haughtiest people in Christendom imploring his protection. Meantime he had been taking vengeance through the length and breadth of Valencia. The Moors were to suffer as relapsed heretics from his rule.[3] "Have I not good cause to drive them all out of the land, since they would have taken it from me, and to re-people it with Christians." So he speaks in the assembly of nobles which he summoned in the capital. All support him—ecclesiastics, citizens, merchants, lawyers—save only the barons, who, in the king's words, "found that their revenue would be lessened, and would not be so great by Christians as by Saracens." James pours out on them the vials of his scorn and anger, putting into words what had long been in the minds of all, what afterwards became the national cry—Spain for the Spaniards and for the Cross. "If perchance it should happen for the sins of us Christians, that the Saracens beyond the sea and those on this side should come to an agreement, they might perhaps take so many castles from us that everyone who heard would be astonished at the damage thus done to Christianity. It is surely better," he adds, contemptuously pointing at the indifference of the nobles, "that that harm should happen to others rather than to ourselves."[4]

So the expulsion of the Moors was decreed.[5] The king allowed no respite; prayers, tears, threats, and proffers were alike fruitless.[6] The people of Xativa now found even 100,000 bezants as useless as their walls. Some 60,000 of the fugitives tried to rally at Montesa, and others elsewhere. All but a few of Alazarch's followers were soon driven over the

[1] *Ap.* Condé III., 153, &c. [2] A.D. 1257—1261.

[3] K. James' Chron., ccclxiv.—viii. [4] Ibid., ccclxvi.

[5] "For," says Mariana (p. 212 b.), "though interest swayed the barons to oppose, yet the voice of the prelates and commonalty prevailed with the king."

[6] K. James' Chron., ccclxviii.

border. The last embers of insurrection had been almost stamped out—the deportation had been accomplished—King James had returned to Sexena, when the fire broke out, as we have seen, in Central Spain.

We have now come to the parting of the ways: the old order is changing before our eyes, giving place to the new. On the one hand the isolation of the kingdoms—bridged over but not abolished by intermarriage—is ended by a common danger, so acute that neither Castile nor Aragon could think of any but the first law of nature, "by all means one can, to defend oneself." It was to the credit of the conqueror of Murcia that he observed in this time of fascinating temptation that second law of self-restraint, and did not forget even the third, "of observance of contract."

On the other hand, while James becomes the main stay of the monarchy of Leon and the guide of his son-in-law, he breaks more and more definitely, not only with the irreconcilable malcontents, but with the whole constitutional party of his baronage. The quarrel goes steadily on; victories do not heal it; councils and alliances do not end it. At last it leads to the scene of 1275 when En Jacme, the Glorious King, is solemnly defied, along with his son, as an enemy of his country. Firm in the support of Castile, of his friends abroad, of his troops at home, he overrides opposition till the day of his death. That event is the signal for the great uprising on behalf of privilege which left Pedro III. only the name of king. (1283).

But we have to return to the beginnning of all this:—Castile broken by revolt; James triumphant over revolt; Alphonso and Yoland appealing to him as their only hope.[1]

Division from the first is manifest in the Councils of Aragon. The king declares he cannot hold back, he must aid his daughter; the country party are equally resolved not to stir a finger. They might well be deeply suspicious of their conqueror king, whom this crisis would raise to a primacy of power more than ever dangerous to themselves and to their cause. A deadlock is the result. The king goes his way; the independent baronage, theirs. "Go, and ill go with you: I will do my work without you."[2] Cortes, both in Aragon and Catalonia, prove unmanageable. They begin

[1] K. James' Chron., ccclxxix., is much the best refutation of the Moorish stories of hatred between Violante (Yoland) and her father. Her letters to En Jacme at Agranyen; "just as a daughter should love her father"—her prayers, wherein she appeals to "*our* own credit," "*our* kindred," "*our* hopes," and the king's prompt answer that he would take care such reply was made by Cortes "as would satisfy the queen," make up a fairly good disproof.

[2] Not actually said till last crisis in chap. dxvii.

complaints in the place of offering supplies; talk of broken "fueros." instead of "bovatge;" in short, they are full of matters (as it seemed to the king) "which had neither top nor bottom." To the king's passionate assertion, "this is a matter greater even than that of Ubeda,"[1] the estates merely return that they will deliberate thereon. His three reasons for helping his daughter and her husband make no impression on them. Neither "fatherly duty," nor "prudence in securing such allies by such service," nor "fear of being involved in a common ruin," with the old consolation of the fable—to be devoured last, seemed to them to come within the region of practical politics. To the demand for the feudal aids the barons of Zaragoza replied they do not know what it may mean.

On the other hand the general body of the Catalan states are overawed or shamed by En Jacme's scornful wrath: "Why answer me so ill and so basely?"[2] After sufficient brow-beating they grant the tax for the third time in the reign.

But no amount of pressure makes any mark on the wooden stubbornness of the offended notables. When[3] En Jacme insists "if he went on crusade against the Saracens, he would not merit one third as much as by defending what God has here in Spain given to him and to his brother of Castile," . . . they are "all silent and answer nothing."[4] A Minorite friar tells them a vision of king James "setting all right and hindering any harm from coming to Spain." Don Exemen D'Urrea replies that "visions are very good things in their way, but in the present matter . . ." In answer to the king's offers of fresh charters they smile grimly:—"do not believe that the Aragonese will agree, nor will they. . . . If he wishes to set fire to their possessions, let him begin at one end and go out at the other."[5]

Then the rupture comes openly. King James makes a fierce speech, telling the men of Aragon how vastly inferior they are to the Catalans; as he afterwards tells the men of Montpellier how sadly they are below the level of Aragonese intelligence. As the malcontents reject a final offer, made through the bishops, the king fires a last shot in parting. "Certainly the barons do not make a very fitting reply; but

[1] K. James' Chron., ccclxxxi. [2] Ibid., ccclxxxiv.

[3] It was this speech the king began with the unfortunate "text of Scripture"—*Non minor est virtus quaerere quam quae sunt parta tueri.* "Not from Scriptures, but from Ovid's Ars Amandi II. 13," says Gayangos. Besides that, Ovid is quoted wrong. The Conqueror was always at sea in his citations. He gets into another muddle at Lyons, with the words of Our Lord in the *Gospel, Gloriam meam alteri non dabo* (Is. xlii. 8).

[4] K. James' Chron., ccclxxxviii.

[5] Ibid., cccxc., so says Fernan Sanchez de Castro, the King's natural son.

another time, please God, they shall make a better one." Pedro Jorda carries away to the rebel leaders the king's farewell.[1]—"Tell them I doubt not that to-morrow they will be more stubborn than to-day, and in a fortnight, and even in a month, more stubborn and intractable than they are now; but at the end of a year they will wish that they had granted my request; and may God confound you, Pedro Jorda, if you do not repeat to them my very words."

Then En Jacme appeals to the people: will they cast him off? With minute blasphemy he compares his own sufferings to the Redeemer's, after the approved method of Gregory IX., and gains some sympathy. Then feeling himself strong enough, he seizes all the "lands, honours, and hereditaments" of the attainted nobles. By these means they are forced to consent to a truce, and James is free to prosecute the war of alliance in the South. He had played off the malcontents against one another with great craft and equal success. The Catalonians, the Aragonese, the men of Montpellier, serve each against the rest, turn by turn. The first-named had made such answer at Barcelona that En Jacme had left them, "as much displeased as ever a lord was with his people;"[2] yet they form one of his great arguments at Zaragoza. "But since the people of Catalonia, which, by my faith in God, is the better sovereignty and the most honourable and the most noble, for there are four counts there and none here, and so many barons that for one here there are four there, and for one knight here there are five there, and for one clerk here ten there,—since the people, I say, of the finest land in Spain are willing to give me what they have,—for you to refuse. . ."[3] Again at Montpellier: "My subjects of Aragon would give me a thousand thousand sous to stay with them . . . and you would give me sixty thousand to go where I may be killed or held captive!"[4]

Before starting, episcopal mediation was tried again. It was an impossible hope; "for as to the rebels, the needful securities, all the property they had, nay their very persons, were already in my power, and thus no valid pledge." When one of the mediators remarks this, in some pity for the knights, James chuckles, "What is it to you, bishop, if they put themselves into the noose? It is not for you to give excuses from one side to the other."

The quarrel is not settled, or on the way to be settled; it is forcibly *suspended*. James now appeals to the towns, to help him in the war of Murcia. Zaragoza, Huesca, Teruel, Lerida and the rest respond with their wonted

[1] K. James' Chron., cccxciv. [2] Ibid., ccclxxxiv. [3] Ibid., cccxcii.

[4] Ibid., ccccxciii.

liberality.[1] Here, as elsewhere, cities were the royal counterpoise to the feudal influence; consequently, they basked in the sunshine of royal favour, and shewed gratitude in return. With their aid all was soon ready. Full rights of purveyance and pre-emption were put at the disposal of their lord.[2]

But before we come to the campaigns beyond the Xucar, we have to consider a suggestion of the Arabic writers; in any case conveying the current impression among the Moriscos, whom the conqueror had tricked so ruthlessly and driven out so lawlessly.

A marriage, they tell us, of Alphonso's brother to a daughter of King Gacum alarmed the Queen of Castile. Yoland had heard that Murcia, when re-conquered, was to go as an appanage to the newly-married. She hated her father and all his house. Accordingly, she wrote letters in her own name to the king of Granada,[3] entreating him to restore the amity which had previously subsisted between them;. . . representing that if he would propose terms of peace to Don Alphonso, he would then be enabled to reduce the Walis who had risen against his authority; while her husband might, for his part, accomplish his purposes in Murcia, without permitting king Gacum to take any part in the conquest.[4]

En Jacme's own account is clear enough: he certainly did join in the re-conquest of the province; he conducted the actual siege of the capital. As to Alphonso—all their meetings were "with the utmost joy and disport." From the Commentaries there is not the slightest evidence that he intended to treat the old compact of 1179 as a dead letter. He only promises the Murcians to obtain good terms for them from the king of Castile. He earnestly desires them "to live under subjection and at peace with him."

The narrative of the war is simple. Only Murcia itself makes any great show of resistance. Upon two things in the matter of its surrender the chronicle especially insists: the king's sole conquest, and his strict adherence to the partition of his ancestors. Murcia, he tells us, was actually surrendered to himself; then, and not till then, in all due form, and with all honour, it was handed over by him to his son-in-law. But it is he himself who weeps with joy to see the flag of Aragon floating on the Alcazar; it is he who insists on the conversion

[1] In the words of Gil Sanchez Munioz (K. James' Chron., c. ccccvii.), "You know well, my lord, that you never met with a refusal in what you asked of us; it never did, nor will it now."

[2] K. James' Chron., ccccvii—ix. [3] Condé III., 160.

[4] Chap. ccclxxix. of the King's Chronicle must be set off against this, as we have seen, also the correspondence between Yoland and her father.

of the great mosque into a cathedral;[1] it is he who draws up the treaty of surrender with the town council. The king of Aragon goes surety for the good faith of Alphonso. When the besieged make difficulties, it is En Jacme who enforces submission. "I was sorry for the evil they would bring on themselves, for if they would not agree the city should be stormed next day." But immediately on the surrender, En Jacme, "who always knew how to act nobly with Christians," who had already refused with scorn the proposal to make capital out of the troubles of Castile,[2] without delay restores Murcia to Don Alphonso Garcia, to hold in trust for his king. One thing more he did. To guard the recovered lands, he settled on them 10,000 of his men-at-arms: "As to leaving the country," he remarks, "simply in the hands of the men who had lost it once already, that I did not approve."

In all this there was no attempt, as far as one can see, to filch away the winnings of San Fernando. Had Castile gone with a succession of Alphonsos, increasingly weak-handed and weak-kneed, James, if on his side he could have had immortality of reign, would almost certainly have seized Murcia, as he seized everything, "for the safety of Spain and the glory of God." But the chance of a paralyzed Castile seemed as yet very far distant, and for all practical purposes —whatever he may have surmised of the distant future—the conqueror meant to keep, and did keep honestly inviolate, the main lines of the ancestral treaty. It remains obvious that he might have worked solely for his own aggrandisement—he preferred to act as an imperious, truculent, but faithful ally.

On the 13th of January, 1265, the city of Murcia was again united to the crown of Castile. The meagreness of the royal commentaries at this point is doubtless due to lack of personal interest. After all, En Jacme must have felt he was only conquering for another. Yet it was a great triumph—his last in arms. When "I saw the tower of the city manned with my footmen and cross-bowmen. . . . Then I alighted from my horse and thanked God for his grace. I knelt and wept and kissed the ground and returned in peace to my quarters."[3]

[1] K. James' Chron., cccxliv. (You have ten more mosques in the town: you may have your prayers in all of them and leave that one to us).

[2] Which seemed to the Estates of Aragon the most natural thing in the world. Chron. ccclxxxi.,—"Before giving his help to Castile, our King should get back his castles." James agreed with them about Alphonso's baseness,—"like a man tasting wine before buying it, with a mind of watering it afterwards. . . . For he dare not ask for my help himself, but would get it through my daughter."

[3] K. James' Chron., ccccxliv. In one point En Jacme's record of the War of Murcia is particularly full—the Capitulation Treaties. Both at Elche and at Murcia itself the full demands of the Saracens are given, with all the re-adjustments of the final treaty. Sp. cc. ccccxviii., ccccxl.

With the fall of Murcia we have reached the final stage of En Jacme's life and reign. We are now dealing with a character which, as it were, has left all change behind. The troubles, the crises, the victories, the bitter experience of his youth and his hey-day, have hardened the old James of Aragon into his final shape. We have seen how his temper towards the conquered Moors grows more ruthless with advancing years—nowhere is this more sharply expressed than at the submission of Murcia. His insistence upon the chief Mosque for Christian Worship, his contemptuous bitterness to the Envoys,—("that a Muezzin should proclaim the name of Allah or the sabbath close to my head where I am sleeping may seem to you a fit thing, but is not one of my liking"),[1]—his cynical consolation to those who complained of the easy terms granted,—("When a man can take one 'bracada' of land he can well wait his time to take ten or a hundred more"),[2]—his discussions whether he could expel the Saracens from the city, and explain away the text of Capitulation,—("I am bound to keep the Saracens in Murcia"),[3]—his outburst to the remonstrants,—("I *will* give the town to God, despite any of you"),—all these, occurring at that one surrender, give us a pretty complete idea of En Jacme's ultimate feelings, charitable or otherwise, towards the vanquished. At his abdication the language is the same. It is worth noticing once again in what strong contrast these words and actions stand to his dealings, for example, with the people of Minorca, or of Peñiscola, in the early days of the reign.[4] On this side En Jacme has changed hardly for the better. Further, his whole idea of a crusading mission, into which he now throws himself with ever greater fervour, only shows more and more how the king is surrendered to the enthusiasm of triumphant hate. Not that the positive religious feeling is quite absent: but it is overshadowed by the fiercer passion, nourished by a thousand battle-fields and sieges and surrenders and hair breadth escapes, and embittered by the little worries which to the imperious military chief were almost maddening. It is not so much the deep pathetic yearning of the pilgrim that stirs him to preach a ninth crusade up and down his land, at the Council of Lyons, and to the assembled princes of Europe, so much as that warlike devotion of the early chiefs of Islam, which Akbar put into his cry "Great God, if I were not stopped by the boundless ocean, would I not go on to the unknown regions of the West, preaching the unity of Thy Holy Name, and putting to the sword the unrighteous peoples who wor-

[1] K. James' Chron., ccccxlv. [2] Ibid., ccccxlvi.
[3] Ibid., ccccxlvii. [4] Ibid., cxx.—ccccxxx.

ship any other God than Thee?" This was the temper of Spanish Chivalry in its days of greatness, of glory and of crime—James is here anticipating Cortès and Balboa and the conquerors of Mexico and Peru, before they sank into mere vulgar plundering, murdering ruffians. The praise and the blame they must share with him, as they share his spirit, of which they had indeed received a double portion.

Equally does the conclusion of the War of Re-conquest mark the last stage in the ever-standing baronial difficulty. En Jacme's truce with the Malcontents, made expressly and solely to cover the campaign of alliance, came to an end *ipso facto* with the restoration to Castile of the revolted lands.

The Chroniclers add some details to the dreary picture of Aragon at this time:—"The nobility heightening their divisions without regard to the public good, every one of them striving to make his own advantage . . . so that the affairs of Aragon were not peaceable. Nor had the King's sons laid aside their hates. The nobles were divided into factions, the commons followed suit: which produced all sorts of crimes, so that the cities in the mountains were obliged to institue brotherhoods to suppress these outlaws; and by framing new and terrible laws to terrify these wicked men. Moreover the minds of the nobles were wholly alienated from the king, for they complained: First, that all honours were bestowed on strangers, or mean men. Second, that their liberties were infringed. Third, that the authority of the Justiza, which is to secure the franchises of the people, was diminished. Fourth, that not only the commonalty, but also the nobility were oppressed with taxes; these were the public complaints. Besides these every man had his private grievance."[1] Such was the world, into which the Conqueror returned from the camps and citadels, where all obeyed his word that could bid "seize the man, let a priest confess him, and hang him on a tree."[2] Such was the fate of the spy at Xativa. "Who next?"

No sooner has the king returned to Perpignan, than he receives a letter from the chief of the Opposition,[3] "defying" him, that is, declaring open war. James was dreaming of the East and of crusading victories at the time, and, as it happened, had just received some letter from the "King of the Tartars"—apparently a proffer of alliance. (Already En Jacme must have been taking soundings for his voyage.) Accordingly he replied to the letter of defiance, in King

[1] Mariana, p. 214, sub. ann. 1264. [2] K. James' Chron., cccxl.

[3] Don Ferris de Licana, who wrote, says Zurita, "Before the truce with the nobles of Aragon had expired."—Anales iii. 71.

Cambyses' vein—" Don Ferris (the writer) knows well I am not in the habit of going after small game: I am used to hawk herons and bustards, but since he wishes it, I will this time chase and take a pigeon if I can."[1]

This was final, and so it was meant to be. James was now fully determined to extirpate the irreconcilables. When some loyalists of Lerida complain that he always "ends by forgiving his great vassals,"[2] they get the significant reply—" In this case you shall see all will go well." The rebels are shut up in Licana—their appeals for quarter roughly refused. They are forced at last to surrender at discretion. "Then, says the king, I hanged over the Castle wall those whom it was fit to hang; and on the others, men of birth, we did justice as it ought to be done on men who act so to their lord"[3]—"e mando hacer justicia," says Zurita, "dellos con castigo de muerte."[4] Then another section of traitors was dealt with—the false coiners of Taragona. The hill-robbers were chased and cut up by the royal troops, and the king returned to keep order in Valencia.[5]

Meantime, there were missions to the Tartars and envoys from them, consultings with bishops and barons and cities, and long discussions of En Jacme's with the King of Castile, —all bearing on the eastern projects of the conqueror.[6] Alphonso thought the Tartar invitation—to come and conquer the Holy Land—deceptive. The Tartars, he said, were very deceitful—moreover the whole thing was great and marvellous but difficult to accomplish and fraught with danger. He (El Sabio) knew that "no king in the world had ever achieved so glorious and honourable an enterprise as to conquer the whole of the Holy Land beyond seas and the sepulchre—but it could not be advised for anything in the world."

The King of Castile was as strongly acute in upsetting the fancies of others, as he was blind in pursuing his own—but no one was ever known to convert En Jacme from his opinions. As to this project, he now lived in it "*since God willed it*,"—thus he ended all the arguments for and against. "I would not, for regard of consequences or out of fear for myself, or for what it might cost me hereafter, forsake the enterprise, but would attend to it with all my strength and power." "It seems to me," he repeated, "that God wills it, and since God wills it, ill cannot come of it."

The Hospital offered its whole support to the scheme, as was meet, right, and its bounden duty; so did the Castilian

[1] K. James' Chron., cccclvii. [2] Ibid., cccclviii.
[3] Ibid., cccclxiv. [4] Zurita, III., 91.
[5] K. James' Chron., cccclxv.—cccclxx. [6] Ibid., cccclxxv.

military orders; so did Alphonso himself. To his son-in-law, King James first professed that he could in conscience receive nothing but from the church—"yet that now I was so deeply bound to him that I could not well refuse his aid."[1] The knights of Santiago promised much, but did nothing. Meantime fresh invitations arrived from the Great Khan and the Emperor of the Greeks, and it seemed as if the Crusade of James of Aragon was to take to itself something of the cogency of visible fact.[2] After seven months special preparations in the harbours of Catalonia, seven months levying of men and arms in the mountains of Jaca and along the banks of the Jucar and Guadalaviar, . . . the fleet was ready to start. Majorca, which the king had always treated well, was specially forward in its offers and zealous action.

This voyage has been treated by some as an elaborate farce, got up for the purpose of hoodwinking Europe, because it proved abortive—rather an expensive amusement, one would think. In that case, James' visit to the Council of Lyons and his words and deeds therein form an even more elaborate imposture—while his way of life at home, his consultations with Cortès and his son-in-law, would give us a perfectly matchless picture of an imbecile and maudlin hypocrite—if the fleet was not honestly assembled for making a straight journey to Syria.[3]

But surely this is but a crude misunderstanding of En Jacme's character. His vices were not those of the fool,—so weak-minded that he thinks it worth his while to continue a profession universally known to be hollow as a windbag. He was overbearing enough to his free subjects, brutal enough to the conquered, intolerant enough to the Moslem, profligate enough in private life, filled with an all-pervading self-conceit which ran hard to ruin his character altogether. But he cannot be very easily convicted of want of earnest determination in his plans, or of transparent stupidity in

[1] K. James' Chron., cccclxxix.

[2] "The glorious king En Jacme, when he had heard the messengers of the Greek Khan and of Palaeologus, Emperor of the Greeks, resolved to pass beyond sea and conquer the Holy Sepulchre."

[3] 1268. "The King of Aragon," says Mariana, "though very old, declared his resolve to go to the war in the Holy Land:—a great and valiant Prince, worthy of better success than attended him on this expedition."—P. 245. This, the more charitable and national view of James' crusade, may be also taken as nearer the truth than the spiteful Roman epigram in Raynaldus "Ita Clementis dictum verissimum repertum, cum Jacobo, glorienti se arma suo Crucifixi obsequio consecrasse, respondit. Christum eius obsequio non egere qui ipsum impudicis voluptatibus in suo corpore crucifigeret." As a matter of fact, some ships of the fleet, among them the galley of Fernan Sanchez de Castro, weathered the storm and reached Acre.

execution, or of an aimless heartless pretence of scheming through his last twenty years of life.

The voyage, the king writes in his chronicle, was simply hopeless in the face of the eighteen-days' storm. Sailors who had crossed the sea twenty times had never met with such weather. Bishops, barons, infanzones and sailors entreated him to put back. For the first time in his life, he yielded to advice. "We could not," he says, "put force upon our Lord;"[1] but "all the time that the storm lasted, I never ceased praying our lady Saint Mary to intercede with her dear Son for us, that if our passage to the Holy Land seemed good to Him, He should let me make it."

After his return, the slanderers remarked that unless he tried to cross the sea again, people would talk. En Jacme replied, "the fleet was already disabled, time was needed; as to people talking, that they certainly did far too much already, but for his part he did not care. Nothing in the world grieved him more, or so much, as to be obliged to abandon his enterprise."

Here speaks someone whom we can recognise as the En Jacme of old, who had no more "heard of" public opinion than his nobles had "heard of" Bovatge. It is the same man who then goes and browbeats the malcontents of Montpellier—"Barons, you have made me the most novel reply that ever a subject made to his lord, not to say to *such* a lord; I marvel at your folly."[2]

But though the king laughed at the current slander, he had no thought of justifying it. The project of Crusade was only postponed. There was much to settle at home: dull simmering discontent of Prohemens in Aragon, Castile needing his help, and her king leaning upon it utterly; family troubles, above all, in his own household, which lasted till Pope Gregory X., that true-hearted enthusiast, called the king of Aragon to the front of Christendom at the Council of 1274. Then it was proved to all the world how much in earnest was En Jacme in the War of God.

In the interval King James had full hands at work. In his own land acting as a beneficent despot—but a despot without reserve—to his son-in-law now almost a director, in that son's kingdom a peacemaker and arbitrator, to opponents firm as ever—a marble arch ruler to the end of life. When his lieutenants and officers in Valencia squabble in his absence "he punishes both"[3] with even-handed severity, so that (as he says) the city remained in peace and good order. When Don Artal de Luna plays the tyrant to the people of

[1] K. James' Chron., cccclxxxviii. [2] Ibid., ccccxciii.
[3] Ibid., d.

Suera the stronger despot, his king, forces him to make amends, "distributing," as the Chronicle tells us, "ten thousand sous among those who had been made widows and orphans in the business."[1] When the Infante continued obstinate in his quarrel and refused the royal settlement, James "took from him all he held, both in Aragon and Catalonia." Yet when that rebellious son was in his power at last, sobbing out his "mea culpa" of enforced contrition, the father "was greatly moved and saw his great devotion and pardoned him."[2] To the Murcian Colonists, whose settlement had been mainly owing to his foresight, he appeared altogether as beneficent—the despot was hidden. En Jacme writes himself, and we may well believe him, "I rejoiced as much at their prosperity as if it had been my own."[3] To these military settlers who did their duty without much debate and who had never baulked him the old Titan was almost loving.

To Alphonso he was now a necessity—almost a "director." Three times during these years does En Jacme visit Castile, and whether it is merely to attend the marriage of his grandson,[4] or to advise the poor learned hopeless monarch of Leon, or to take counsel about the threatened rising of the Spanish baronage—that conspiracy so briefly, but so pregnantly hinted at by the king[5]—it is always as the adviser who can direct, as the king who can rule and can teach men, as the friend who alone is the support in every trouble, the arm of strength, able to put right whatever has gone wrong. The Castilian baronage, as discontented with the loose reins of Don Alphonso as the Aragonese ricoshombres with the taut grip of En Jacme, listen to his frank and kindly words with softened feeling—"If the king has done you wrong, I will at once say so to him and will make him repair it."[6] The great ovation of knighting the scions of the royal House of Castile is referred to En Jacme. Even the young men are submissive—"Grandfather what you will, I will."[7] Alphonso himself listens to James' admonitions with a devout attention which might have presaged some improved government, if his vices of misrule had been curable at all. We may set off against much of ferocity, of ill-temper, of hasty oppression, such words of wisdom as the seven counsels of the king of Aragon to his son-in-law:—"First, I told him that when he had given his word to anyone, he should in any case fulfil it; it was better to bear the shame of saying No, than to grieve at heart for not having fulfilled a promise. Second, that he should look well before he signed a grant, and think whether

[1] K. James' Chron., div. [2] Ibid., dxx. [3] Ibid., dxxii.
[4] Ibid., ccccxciv. [5] Ibid., dvi. [6] Ibid., ccccxcvii. [7] Ibid., ccccxcvi.

he could or should do it or no. Third, that it was a good and fair thing for any king to keep in his grace and pleasure all the people whom God had entrusted to him. Fourth, that if he could not thus keep all in his grace he should keep at least two parties—the Church and the people and cities of the country, for they are those whom God loves more than the nobles and the knights, for the knights revolt sooner against their lord than others. If he could keep all, well and good, but in any case he should keep these two; with their help he would easily destroy all the others. Fifth, that God had given him Murcia and I had helped him to conquer it. Now the grants I had made to the settlers of Murcia were not well kept, which was very damaging to himself. Again, that Murcia would never be prosperous until he had peopled it with one hundred men of importance, who might receive him properly when he came into the city, and artisans and workmen to have the rest of the land. Another counsel was never to punish anyone in secret, it did not become a king to punish his vassals in secret."[1] Or, again, when Alphonso, in terror at the rumoured "agreements of the barons of Castile and Aragon with the Moors" against both kings, sends for his guardian and guide, saying, "there were things in his mind he would say to none other in the world." King James shews his strongest side—that unruffled calmness which had carried him through all his victories, through revolt at home and treachery in garrison—a calmness which was normally just. Only when actually dealing with the Infidel was his sense of right in abeyance,[2] when aiding a friend and a son he could always give righteous judgement, in the main.

If the Council of Lyons is the scene of King James' greatest glory, the marriage[3] at Burgos in 1269 still more clearly shewed the conqueror's patriarchal position in Spain itself. There the talk was rather of his achievements than of his grandson's prospects. The old man took it as a "better time than any other for healing of wounds." He compels the barons to be reconciled to Don Alphonso. To the latter "he tells his duty as plainly as to a simple knight." The marriage scene was quite typical of the thirteenth century. Alphonso, the king, made a great feast to a thousand of his lords and of his neighbours, and in the place of honour was the king of Aragon, "There," says Mariana, "was Don Jayme, grandfather of the bridegroom, and Peter his eldest son, Philip the heir of France, Edward the heir of England,

[1] K. James' Chron., ccccxcviii.

[2] *E.g.*, In K. James' Chron., c. dvii., the two feelings are mingled.

[3] Of Don Fernando, heir of Castile, with Blanche, daughter of St. Louis of France. Zurita, 76. K. James' Chron., ccccxciv.—vii.

the king of Granada, and all the court of Castile." It was there Alphonso promised his wife's father, who had done the part of a true father to him in his troubles, "if he failed in anything to come to him in time and have it put right." As to war in Andalus, James puts the case clearly enough. "If you have made a treaty," he repeats to El Sabio, "and it has not been broken you should observe it faithfully—But if the contrary," he continues, "side with the vassal kings of Granada, as against the Suzerain. . . . It was well to see them thus divided—much better for us to have the Moors in two parties than in one."

But among the tangled threads of the Conqueror's later life, there is one which enters in very late but which lasts almost to the end, and which is darker and sadder and rougher than any other. The Arab Chronicler tells us of the breach between Queen Yoland of Castile and her father, that seemed healed, if it was ever more than a libel on the House of Barcelona; but there came now the far worse estrangement of the old king and Fernan Sanchez de Castro. The son of Blanche of Autillon, who had never been able to get a better position in Aragon than than that of a royal bastard, always ignored by his father, and consequently always ranged on the side of opposition, "having taken," as the king writes bitterly of him long before, "certain obligations and oaths with other Aragonese barons to exchange castles one with another and hold against me," forms the centre of the last and blackest of En Jacme's domestic dramas. A capricious sort of favour had been shown to Fernan Sanchez in his early years, which apparently changed into deep suspicion and cruel treatment in the middle time. In this last epoch, there was a fear that the king's natural son was plotting with Charles of Aragon against his father and En Pere the heir, as well as against the new ally of the House of Aragon—Manfred of Sicily.

So when the king had left Alphonso, after the Conference at Alicante, he found his favourite Don Pedro[1] and Fernan Sanchez mutually backbitting, with such bitterness of temper that there was no hope of reconcilement. The charges were odious. The Infante had tried to murder his brother:—De Castro had tried to poison the heir—had said of En Jacme that he ought to disgrace the throne no longer—had tried to raise the country against the king. These last lies of En Pere's were indeed only started when the king had "taken from him authority" in the conviction that his first defence was just a little too impudently false.[2] The favourite would

[1] Now En Jacme's lieutenant in Valencia. K. James' Chron., dviii.—dxv., etc.

[2] Ibid., dix.

not submit to this judgment, rose in rebellion, and sent in his libel sheet, as from one aggrieved monarch to another.

In Cortès, at Alcira, much was said and little done—of sympathy with En Jacme in his trouble, and of anger against the unfilial son.[1] The half-hearted baronage, with their unsuccessful, possibly fraudulent, attempts at reconcilement, brought on themselves the final indignant disownment of the king. Sections of the unappeasable had been crushed out before, now the daggers were openly drawn with the main body of the nobility. The king was resolved on throwing himself upon his beloved child, against Fernan Sanchez, against Cortès, against all the world besides. After the Alcira session, James enquires "If after our meeting here you depart without doing anything in this business, how do you imagine matters will stand between him and me? Should you meet anyone on your way home, and he should ask you how you came to leave the king and his son at war and in anger, will you not have to go and hide your faces, like miserable wretches?"[2]

Suddenly the king's course is cleared. The Infante is taken prisoner by the Master of the Hospital,[3] and with pathetic but doting devotion and with fierce hate against the unmanageable constitutional party, with all their dilatory sloth and wise counsels, the father without a word of reproach pardons the son who has defied his justice, but who now confesses his sins, "as a son, as a loving son, as the most dutiful of children." "And thereon," writes the king, "we were both content." En Pere is even forgiven his liabilities for the revenues he had collected, or rather not collected, possibly squandered, as King James' lieutenant in Valencia.

Government would soon become rather difficult in En Jacme's Kingdoms. The upheaval which would take the sceptre ten years later clean out of the hands of the much indulged En Pere, when trying to walk in his father's steps, is always threatening, sometimes even rising, in these years, but not till after the Council of Lyons did the monarchy of Aragon enter on its final struggle with the county party, here, as in England, irrepressible and unceasing throughout the thirteenth century.

James, according to his own account, had just finished weeping, and exulting over his prodigal, when "a friar[4] came, who brought me a letter from Pope Gregory X., requesting me to give him counsel and aid in the business of the Holy Land beyond sea."[5] Gregory X. was the Pontiff who re-

[1] K. James' Chron., dxvii. [2] Ibid., dxviii. [3] Ibid., dxxi.
[4] Pedro de Alcala. K. James' Chron., dxxiii., Zurita and Archivo de Aragon.
[5] K. James' Chron., dxxiii.

united east and west by a policy new to the Papal court, a policy of confession, contrition and amendment,—one of the few mediæval leaders who had in any supreme degree the gift of sympathy and something of the capacity to understand opponents. Now he had gathered together Latins and Greeks at Lyons to consider three questions:—Reunion, Crusade and Practical Holiness of life throughout the Church.

To En Jacme the Council meant three different things, rather less catholic and more self-centred. It meant that he would represent Spain, Spanish chivalry and conquering spirit and fierce devotion before the world) It meant again that he might re-open his crusading projects, projects which he would now be able to advocate, form and guide. Lastly, it meant that he might appear, as he always loved (honestly and earnestly loved) to pose before the world, as the one Christian sovereign who was devoured with the passion "for the honour of the Church and of Spain, and for the praise of God." As he puts it himself, "I have come here for three objects, two of yours and one of mine.—First, because you sent for me—to advise; second, that I may give you aid; third, and this is entirely of my own, that I may denounce others who have no heart to serve God."[1] His wishes were granted, as far as his personal ambition could have reached. He did appear, for the time, as the leading Christian king in the projects then supposed to appeal to all Christendom. He was treated with supreme honour by the Pontiff, seated on a chair "not a palm lower than" the throne, listened to as the spokesman of warlike Europe, praised, flattered and feasted, and gazed on (and this he enjoyed most) by the common folk with the awe due to a conqueror, who might do in the future even greater things than those he had done in Spain.

But for any stirring up of zeal among the princes and great lords of Christendom, the council was a failure, and En Jacme found it so. The Master of the Temple above all spoke with a cool indifference, which, when one thinks it was of the very purpose the Order lived to promote, seems not only a speech of peculiar blatancy, but prophetic of the swift and awful tragedy which would wipe out the very remembrance of the haughty military monks, whom En Jacme had lived with as a child, and campaigned with as a conqueror, and quarrelled with as a king.[2] On En Juan Gil and on Alart de Balari and the others who thought with them, neither Aragonese sarcasm nor Aragonese enthusiasm could make any impression. They were content on the

[1] K. James' Chron., dxxvii. [2] Ibid., dxiv.

whole to think of themselves and their fathers as "little dogs barking at the great big ones,"[1] they were cheerfully certain that the Soldan was omnipotent and always had been and always would be so.

And so the conqueror of Valencia went out "a la benedixio de domini Dei,"[2] with the Papal blessing, likewise with the applause of the crowd, but without getting a step nearer to his ideal, that picture of himself as a leader of the Latin Church Militant, confederated against the enemies of God. With singular historic irony he could not even get the Pope's coronation,[3] for which he had evidently longed all the council time.[4] We may believe Gregory X. when he protested that as far "as he was concerned, he cared less than nothing about the claim" (of tribute). It is a truism in the history of the Roman Court to speak of its venality—it is a much ignored fact that the best Popes, in delicate matters such as this, were powerless to act on their own right instincts. The head of the one stable institution of the Middle Age was simply unable to do, in many things, as he liked.

Here two of the "greatest and wisest" cardinals (certainly two of the most covetous) had resolved to get out of Aragon all the arrears of tribute which were due from the time when En Pere, the elder, granted to the "Apostolic Court" a subsidy and a submission of rights which got him the title of El Catolico. James answered as anyone might expect.—He had not come to Lyons to put himself under tax, but as a guest and a crusader. All the honour that could be given the king of Aragon in the functions of the Church was granted with many words at his parting—Gregory "ordering that throughout Christendom there should be special prayers for me at High Mass . . . and the clergy to recite Psalms for me, and to give God thanks for my good will towards the enterprise of the Holy Land, and to pray God to grant me a long life to fulfil all these things to His honour."[5]

The last meeting of the two chiefs of the council, Pope and king, so different from one another, but with the common ground of genuine earnestness, each in his own way, is not without interest.[6] En Jacme's intercession for Don Henry of Castile—his appeal so full of pathos, "Let me not leave here, as the proverb says, whosoever goes to Rome a fool, comes away a greater"—the exquisite large-hearted sympathy[7] of

[1] K. James' Chron., dxxxiv. [2] Ibid., dxxxiv.—v.

[3] "He would crown me with pleasure, only I was to confirm *a sort of tribute*, which my father had once granted him on the Kingdom when he was crowned at Rome." K. James' Chron., dxxxvii.

[4] Ibid., dxxxvii.—viii. [5] Ibid., dxxxix. [6] Ibid., dxl.

[7] He put his hand on my head and gave me his blessing full five times . . . K. James' Chron., dxlii. For a very opposite colourless picture, *v.* Raynaldus, Com. IV. A. Coll.

Gregory with a man whose good so nearly balanced his evil—brings us to the end of the last scene of this bright day for Spain. "He imposed on me no other penance than that I should keep from evil for the future and persevere in good, and so I took my leave and returned to Catalonia"—to what seemed now like a whirlpool ready to absorb all remnants of order in the wild rush of baronial liberty, a liberty to destroy all rule save that of the petty despot, and all liberty save that of oppression.

The richoshombres, of course, had leagued against the king and Infante in their absence, only to the maintenance of their customs and the usages of their ancestors—"so," writes the old warrior, "when they saw they could get nothing else from me they renounced allegiance to me and to my son."[1] Not that he himself was blameless. The fact that the crusader did very often in his dealings, specially with the women of the noble families, appear rather as a "hoary sinner" than as a Christian king, does not affect the question whether the revolted barons would have improved the state of Catalonia or Valencia or Aragon. What one has authority for saying is that, in the case of any Moslem Revival, they would have lost, inevitably, all the conquests of the century to a new Almanzor or Abdelmumen, had any such arisen.

It was only the incorrigible factiousness of the nobility in all the five kingdoms, that had kept them so long in the state of "forlorn hopes" against the Khalifat, and in such a low state of civilised life. The same spirit would have been quite capable of undoing the work of the Alphonsos, of San Fernando, and of James the Conqueror.

At this crisis the king of Castile came to his father's help: just in time to enable him to abdicate in peace—"forthwith there came to me (of the revolted) praying for mercy, the Bishop of Barcelona, En Ramon de Cardona, En Berenguer de Puguert and the rest." But before that there was a proffered submission of many leaders of insurrection on condition of a trial.[2] Then there was an orthodox Aragonese trial, with endless complaints and rebutters, charges and counter-charges. There was the frank admission of En Jacme himself that nothing was to be expected from his judgment to the prejudice of the Infante En Pere. Finally there was an abrupt rising of the Court, and a confused ending of the life of the Glorious King in civil war—alternating with trials, diplomatic messages and arguments, and executions of captives. Most striking of the facts recorded there was the death of Fernan Sanchez de Castro, as the father

[1] K. James' Chron., dxliii.—v. [2] Ibid., dxlvii.—xlix.

calmly records it—"There came news that the Infante En Pere, laying siege to a castle of F.S., had taken the said F.S. prisoner and drowned him. I was glad to hear of this, for it was very hard that he, being my son, should have risen against me, who had done so much for him, and given him so honourable an heritage."[1]

Amidst the confusion of the last year there are recorded by the king not only oppressions practised by his garrisons in Valencia, but a fresh Moorish rising under the old chief Alazarch, "who once before had revolted and taken some castles, and had then submitted . . . agreeing to abandon the land for ever."[2] He was killed in a skirmish, but James was filled with dread of widespread Moorish treachery; and sickness now falling upon him, which he felt to be mortal, the "noble King of Aragon, Majorca, and Valencia" resolved to lose no time, and to give up the sceptre he was too weak to hold.

Like his successor, Charles V., Emperor and King of Spain, in whose realm the separate interests of Aragon, Catalonia, and Navarre were absorbed and well nigh forgotten—the old king, who had ruled his small but stubborn kingdom and his mulish barons for over 60 years, worn out at last, called together all the faithful of the "nobles, knights, and citizens" to Alcira. Then he resigned the sceptre to his son (endowed, like Philip II., with all possible virtues and blessings in his father's farewell words). En Jacme even went beyond his imitator. Unlike the recorded Charles, he lectured his chosen one (perhaps the Prince of Spain did not need such simple stuff at Brussels in the year of grace 1559). "Many other words," says the old-fashioned conqueror, "did I say to him with my blessing, such words as a father should say to his son for his good conduct."[3] Even after this, just before the end of all his troubles, his passion flamed out again. Muntaner tells us—"Comment le Roi, étant affabli par sa maladie, se fit porter sur un brancard avec sa bannière, pour aller combattre les Sarrazins, et donc il leva les mains et dit: 'Seigneur, pourquoi permettez-vous que je sois ainsi privé de mes forces?' Elevez ma bannière, car dès qu'ils apercevront mon brancard ils seront vaincus." Funeste fatigue! remarks the commentator. The old Northman at least would have welcomed as a fit comrade the Southern king who, with 70 years behind him, could not bear to die the death of a cow.

All which being done, concludes the king, "in the presence of all, I, for the honour of God and His Mother, and for the remission of my sins, abdicated in favour of my

[1] K. James' Chron., dl. [2] Ibid., dlvi. [3] Ibid., dlxiii.

son, the Infante En Pere, and this my abdication solemnly made, before them all, I put on the frock of the Cistercian monks, and made myself a brother of that order, when all the barons and knights, with great lamentations and tears, took leave of me and returned to Xativa." . . . And here in Valencia, subjoins the monk of Pollet, in the year 1276, on the 6th of the Kalends of August, "the noble En Jacme, by the grace of God King of Aragon, Majorca, and Valencia, Count of Barcelona and Urgel and Lord of Montpellier, passed from the world. Cuius anime per misericordiam Dei sine fine requiescat in pace."

And so goes into the valley of shadow the figure of that grim old warrior who is so near to our understandings and sympathies, by reason of his own foresight. That record of himself, which he called his "Commentari del feyts" and which we know as the "King's Chronicle," is in itself a revelation. The others—the long-winded Latin Annals, the patriotic histories of Blancas and Zurita, the crisp ungracious notices of the roll-keepers of the Church of Rome—all tell us something about the king of Aragon. It is the autobiography alone which shows us the man. That Commentary, half military, half personal, he has left us, often recalls, in its fresh human interest and rough energy of style, another Commentary of as real and living a man, on those wars Gaul, waged by the prototype of all successful ruthless in conquerors. The abrupt transitions, the frequent inconsequences of the Chronicle, complete the proof of the Royal authorship. The great sinner passes rapidly and glozingly over his great sins[1]—his better desires which were always drawing him out of the mire of his own self are here wrought into a life's sermon. "I marvelled (says he to Miguel Perez de Isor, who had challenged a Saracen at Valencia) that a man who was such a sinner as he was, and of so bad a life, could ask to joust; I feared we should all be brought to shame through him."[2] And this from the libertine who was "not aware of any sin, except in the little matter of Dona Berenguela."[3] Had he not a right to do as he pleased in such small things? He had done such service to God and to the Church of Rome that those trifles (whether of tribute or vice) should not come between.[4] So one might think. Yet nowhere do we see the irony of history better than in the contrast of En Jacme's own view of himself and the real feelings of that great court—always so majestically

[1] "I went into battle with the firm belief that I should get out of mortal sin in one way or another"—so he tells his confessor, Friar Arnan, ccccxxvi.

[2] K. James' Chron., cclxxiii. [3] Ibid., ccccxxvi.

[4] Ibid., dxxxvii. In the course of an indignant refusal of tribute to Gregory X.

selfish—which he fancied he had laid under so deep a debt. The Roman Curia, looking out on the world simply as a mass of feeling and matter and human life to be ruled and moulded to their hand, saw in their creditor only a dangerous unruly leader of men, who was to be fashioned into serving their ends and then to be taught his true place—among the vassal kings who should stand and offer gifts round the chair of Peter and of Paul.

Tu regere imperio Reges, Romane memento,

King James found to be still the watchword of the "Apostolic" at Lyons, as it had been that of Nicolas and of Hildebrand.[1]

To turn from the king's version of his wars in Valencia, of his attempted crusade, of his dealings with the Pope, or of his own small shortcomings, to the Annales of Raynaldus, is to come out of one world into another. Raynaldus and Baronius do not ask of him, or of any other prince or pauper, was he good or brave or stubborn or weak? was he "obsequius sedi Apostolicae?" And En Jacme was manifestly no Henry III. of England, nor even on this side equal to Charles of Anjou. In his Roman education, Raynaldus thinks he lived and died an infant. Much devotion with much folly he might have said, but no real sense of his position. The highest honour for kings upon earth, as those cardinals and chroniclers thought, was a place among the pillars of the temple of God, which was to them the visible fabric of the Latin Church. But James had too little of the "liquida mentis compunctio" which Innocent IV. expects. He needs "spiritum sanioris consilii," says the Pope.[2] So while the rooter up of Moors is pluming himself on "retrieving the lands of Valencia for the faith of Christ," and stirring up Alfonso to do the same; while the Bishops were telling him that "no man ever served the Lord so well," the annalists at the Lateran were passing their judgment.—[3] "partae ex victis Saracenis gloriae communicabat Rex Aragonum cuius virtutem vidimus . . . sed longe pietatis laude . . . est inferior." His crusading enthusiasm they view from outside, as probably due to the larger kingdom which had caught the same spirit;—Castellae Rex ad reparandas Terrae Sanctae res incenderet, ipse que Rex Aragonum ad subsidium eius terrae conferendum solicitavit.[4] The storm, the return to Marseilles, and the Crusader's grief

[1] It was well for Society and for Christendom that the proud kings and barons should be warred down by a prouder and stronger, who was himself "servus servorum," however he might belie his title. Yet the princes of the Earth found it very hard, and most of all those who, like En Jacme, thought only of gratitude and were met by claims.

[2] Raynaldus, 1246, pr. 43. [3] Ibid., 1267, pr. 33. [4] Ibid., 1268, pr. 52

they dismiss in half-a-dozen cynical words—"Praecipue, ut aiunt, meretricis artibus retentus, ignave sumpta ex tempestate occasione." Of his part in the Great Council, to himself the central drama of his history, they say nothing. At his death there is just a sign of feeling (perhaps a feeling that they might do worse even than with the untutored cub who really wished well, though he failed so often).—Exitio fuit eius mors non Hispaniae modo, sed etiam Terrae Sanctae cuius ruinis reparandis se adduxisse in Lugdunensi consilio vidimus—*Sed de eo satis.*[1] All this time wasted on James the Conqueror is so much defrauded from a full, true and particular account of the wonders of S. Raymundus Peniafort, which are then related at full length by the Annalist.

And this, roughly speaking, has been the attitude of the whole outside world towards James the First of Aragon. He was, and remains, a local hero, (perhaps supreme in that land, but scarcely known outside)[2] probably he will never be more to Europe at large. Yet to those who have read his own life record, he will be almost an unique figure. For he has left us not so much splendour of name and fame, not so much the thought of a new age which his mind called from slumber, but the best he could leave, himself. In his Commentary we have what is not so easy to find in the Middle Ages, more than a warrior, a devotee, a ruler, or a judge, we have a living man. In one place he compares himself minutely to King David.[3] In truth, the interest of both is the same: they have left us something more than that "magni nominis umbra," which is all we can grasp of Alexander or William of Normandy or Charles the Great. He does not make an epoch—he shows us one in his own history. We are not left to the "Laudes Jacobi I" of his ecomiasts or the Annales of Raynaldus to puzzle out one more colourless mediæval chieftain—here we have got to a being as real as our Alfred or the French St. Louis, a being of bone and flesh and blood, of like feelings and passions and ambitions and sins as any one of ourselves; so real indeed that one may almost say of him as it has been said of another monarch not altogether unlike him,[4] "he . . . may surely claim to bar an off-hand judgment, for he seems, as we look back upon him, a strange, monstrous, undeniable mass of real humanity, whom we may pity, or hate, or admire, or simply wonder at, but whom we may not judge." For if he does not represent to us a cause, or a movement, or an ideal as others do, yet he does represent in the sinfulness and strength and weakness and pathos of his life, that human nature which is the last bond of unity between Thirteenth and Nineteenth.

[1] Such as Borromeo of Milan, or S. Coelestine V. [2] Raynaldus, 1276, 23.
[3] *E.g.*, K. James' Chron., dlxii. [4] Henry VIII. of England.

APPENDIX.

THE man with whom we have been dealing is the King James of the Chronicle—a very different person from the Conqueror of the popular tradition, or the tributary of the Roman Annalists. Yet these other Records often supplement the Autobiography. Wherever the latter even hints at what they narrate, we may assume they are embodying something trustworthy. To our idea of the man they seldom, if ever, add anything of value; to the picture of his surroundings, they often contribute important touches. We may group this additional matter under four heads:

1. James and the Papacy.
2. James and Navarre.
3. James and Castile.
4. James and the Constitution of Aragon.

1. JAMES AND THE PAPACY.

In his own history, it is clear how much the king owed to the Roman Chair. His reverence for Innocent III.—"that apostolic Pope"[1] who rescued him from Count Simon; who, by his legates, guarded the boy's interests in those early years of turmoil, and to whom his mother Maria commended himself and his kingdom in the hour of death—is typical.[2] That filial gratitude towards a true benefactor passed on in a deference which outlived the test of the Hohenstaufen struggle and the petulant injustice of Gregory and of Urban. "Per Petrum Beneventanum, S. Mariae D. C. fuit Rex Jacobus suis fidelibus vestitutus. . . . Haec omnia venerabili Hispano Socobrensi Episcopo procurante."[3] How valuable the Papal arm of strength was to the infant sovereign of Aragon may be gathered, not only from direct testimony, but from En Jacme's incidental notice of the hopeless misrule of his father. "All the revenues my father, En Pere, had in Spain were pledged to the Jews and Saracens, as also all the 'honours,' rented at 700 knights' fees. So that when

[1] James always calls the Pope in his Chronicle, "The Apostolic." *V.* cc. x., dxxiii.—dxlii.

[2] Mariana, p. 198, v. Raynald. ad loc. Innocent III., Epist. ii. Feb. 19, 1213.

[3] Roderic Toledo, De reb. H., Lib. vii.

I entered Monzon I had no food for one day.[1] . . . Meantime all the nobles of Aragon were in bands and feuds." Consequently on this bankruptcy, En Pere had been driven to give up his son, like an ordinary aristocratic encumbrance, to be a page in the household of Montfort, "qui desponsaverat etiam suam filiam illi."[2] Through all this Pope Innocent was true to the orphan. It was in such a case that his great "zeal for righteousness" shone clearly through all the mists of interest and passion with which every faction would fain have dimmed his sight—how fatally dimmed England and Byzantium might witness. Here there was no such trouble. Innocent's envoy broke the snare. "(Et ad suos deducit) et operam dat ut in Regis vesta omnes regni ordines jurejurando adigantur. Legatus iam tres Regni procuratores atque vicarios praeponit."[3] In the troubles that ensued—"cum alii Petri Regis fratribus qui regnum affectabant adhaerescerent,"[4]—the Pope was constantly giving the same message through Peter of Beneventum—"Judicio apud Sedem Apostolicam, non armis, certarent."[5] The king, after mentioning the initial obligation, his deliverance from Egypt, naturally dwells on his own troubles and endurances, and triumphs, rather than on any help from outside. But all the other records emphasize this Papal championship so strongly that we may well believe the first accommodation with the Barons (recorded in ch. xxxiii.) to have been in no small measure, as we are told by Raynaldus, "per officia Sedem Apostolicam"[6]

The Popes who followed Innocent grasped at his power and position with much less of the "Cura Dei" which was his justification, and much more of the "amor mundi" (and even "amor pecuniae"),[7] which was the curse of their Imperialism. James leaves no record at all of his dealings with the See between his accession and the Lyonnese Council of 1274—we have to piece together a record from our other historians. With Honorius differences begin—"Honorius III. Ar. Regem instanter monuit ut censum pro Barcinonensi comitatu erogaret, eaque ad Tarrag. Archiep. scripsit, a quo etiam R. eccl. censuras ad id adigi voluit."[8] This did not seem a very fair rendering of that bequest of Mary of Montpellier's, "who the same year, in her will, recommended James her son and the realm of Aragon to the Pontiff, as universal father."[9] Possibly he thought his fatherhood amply

[1] K. James' Chron., xi.—xii. [2] Gesta, Com. Barcin., et Arag. Reg.

[3] Zurita, Indices 98. [4] Raynaldus. [5] Ibid., 1217, § 55. [6] Ibid., ad loc.

[7] So Raynaldus laments after death of Innocent III.

[8] Raynaldus, 1218, § 71.

[9] Mariana, 198, v. Hist. Languedoc, v. 207—209.

shewn in another way—"Nec sufficit," says Raynaldus, "Hispanos in Saracenos excitare, nisi vivos pietate insignes ad ipsorum mentes Evangelii luce collustrandos mitteret . . . ac e Praedicatorum et Minorum Fratrum viris lectissimis provincia data est."[1] This was in 1226. Three years later the king was negotiating with a new Pontiff, Gregory IX., on a point which to the very end remained the goal of his scenic ambition, as one might call it. That goal he failed to reach, even at Lyons. Now, in 1229, "Oratoris opera expetens, uti Pontificis manibus Diademate cingeretur. . . Gregorius haec: 'Serenitatem vesto monemus, quatenus pro tali dilatione minime movearis.' . . . sed brevi, ut considimus, tempore securus expectas cum expedire videns, fiducialiter nos requiras," etc.[2] Following the steps of Honorius, Gregory responds to James' appeal, after Majorca is his—"uti Eccl. Cathedralem ibi erigeret." "Vectigalia prius," replies the Pope, "ab eo dotis nomine eidem Eccl. attribuenda decernens,"—if the king yielded these demands, so that in the same year, as Mariana (Sub. Ann., 1229—31) tells us, the City of Majorca was made a Bishop's See, although the Canons of Barcelona pretended a right to the revenues thereof.[3] Not only was the Pope complaisant about the bishopric and its foundation, but also, as Zurita tells us, granted that all elections to the office, a "Barcinonensi Episcopo," were in all cases to be ratified "regio permissu."[4]

Yet the Pope had to satisfy En Jacme on another side, much more important. "John, Cardinal of S. Sabina," so stands the record embedded in Mariana, "came from Gregory IX., as Legate to Aragon, where his business was to examine if the marriage of the king with Donna Leanor, of Castile, were null, as it was declared, for consanguinity, yet so that the son Alfonso should inherit the crown. The queen, whose jointure was still left to her, then went away to her sister Berengaria."[5] The tradition that the Curia would not permit the disinheriting of Alfonso seems to be due entirely to the later attitude of his father towards him, which is conveniently antedated for the sake of exalting Roman justice. It is curious to notice that Alfonso is scarcely more than mentioned in the Commentari.[6] The records of the Papal Court magnify his share in all the business of his father's reign, just as Blancas, Muntaner and Desclot magnify the share of the younger En Pere. However much the Papalists might suspect En Jacme, they were bound to approve his campaigns. For the Valentian war Gregory

[1] Raynaldus, 1226, § 46. [2] Ibid., 1229, § 57—8. [3] Mariana, 205.
[4] Zurita II., 106. [5] Mariana, 205—6. [6] Only in Navarre Visit, c. 140.

poured out sheafs of eloquent letters, and, it is said, even a little money. "Ad episcopos Aragoniae et Cataloniae litteras et diploma tribuens."[1] It was owing to the influence of the Universal Father, Raynaldus thinks, that there was such an olla podrida of nationalities in En Jacme's camp before the "Urbs Nobilissima Valencii . . . plures etiam ex Anglia," etc.[2] . . . The fall of Valencia, we are told, provoked the king to grateful penitence. It was needed. "Cum vero Ar. R. qui ob illatam Zarag. episcopo graviorem injuriam (what this was we are not told) anathemate se immoluerat gravissima agritudine implicitus esset, urente conscientia.[3] Supplex confugit, ut quid sibi agendum foret imperaret quo omnes ex animo religionis aculeos amorexet. Sic triumphavit hoc anno in Hispania Christiana Religio. Praeterea Jacobus . . . induta cruce . . . Gregorius in Eccl. Val. jus patronatus in eos confirmavit."[4] The dealings with the Roman Chair during these years all rest on the king's attitude in the great struggle with the Hohenstaufen. One of the crucial days of En Jacme's life was that 13th June when he received in his camp before Valencia those envoys from the Pope and the Lombard cities, who, to quote Mariana,[5] "offered to put themselves in his hands, if he would help them against the Emperor Frederic." His answer, gracious in words, ineffective in deeds, deepened the distrust of the Curia. The King of Aragon might be well intentioned, they thought, but at best he was like the son in the parable, who cried, I go, and went not. So the influence of the "Apostolic" ceased to make very distinctly for James' authority against rebellions—as it had once, as it did still, for Theobald in Navarre,[6] (whose local conspiracies were all "a Pontifice dissolutae.") With the new Pope, Innocent IV., the real troubles begin.

I. The matter of Theresa de Vidaure.

Innocent had hardly ceased commending his unruly vassal, "qui eo tempore Valentiae gymnasium condidit,"[7] when the mutilation of Father Castellbisbal, Bishop of Gerona, broke up all appearance of concord. This train of events is not even hinted in the Commentari; though fully worked out in all the Chroniclers, from Desclot to Muntaner. "Jacobus R.," says Raynaldus, "a Vidaura pellice incitatus, Gerundensi episcopo linguam abscidit.[8]" Others maintain the Bishop suffered for defending Theresa's cause, when in bad odour. It is this point Mariana seizes.—"Donna Vidaura," his authorities say, "hearing of his intended marriage with Yoland of Hungary (as

[1] Raynaldus, 1237, § 24—5. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid., 1237, § 26.
[4] Ibid., 1238, § 46—7. [5] Mariana, 1238, 207—8. [6] Raynaldus, 1238, § 4.
[7] Ibid. [8] Ibid., 1246, § 43—so Blancas.

early as 1234), challenged the king for her husband at the bar of the See Apostolic. There being no witness, sentence was against her. After the case had been dismissed, the Bishop of Gerona, indignant of injustice, having heard the whole secret from James himself, acquainted the Pope with it. Innocent inclined to try the cause over again. This being known to the king, he sent for the bishop and had his tongue torn out, which Innocent hearing of, laid interdict on Aragon and excommunicated the king."[1] The latter wrote a long justification of himself—"scilicet confictis in episcopum calumniis,"[2] says Raynaldus. The bishop (James said) was a bad subject: he had slandered his king—more than that he had plotted, "alias complura contra se gravia machinando." Innocent in reply was severe and distant. "Si etiam contra te in aliquo deliquisset," he wrote, "tibi penitus non licebat exinde sumere ultionem sed illius profecto super hoc erat judicium requirendum qui suus dominis erat ac Judex."[3] According to the Annals of the Monasterium Bonifacianum at Morella the king's submission was speedy;—his penance, the task of finishing the Abbey. "Most authors," remarks Mariana, "make no mention of this, the reader may credit or not, as he pleases."[4] Raynaldus is more commonplace,—"Praedicto nihilominus episcopo et aliis ejusdem Regni praelatis veram cordis contritionem demonstrando ut liquida mentis compunctio ipsos ad parcendum movet et . . . in solemni Episcoporum conventu Ilerdae habito. Jacobus R. genibus provolutus, impositas a praesulibus poenas admiserit et . . . inter alia . . . Valentia Xenodochium construxerit."[5]

True to the advice he gives Alfonso X., En Jacme, whatever else he does, takes good care never to break finally with Church or Commons.[6] [Six years later we find a good understanding re-established between King and Pope, partly through the Papal favourite King Theobald. "Quo etiam tempore munivit Pontifex Innocentius IV. apostolicâ clientelâ Theobaldum Navariae et Jacobum Ar. Reges. qui hoc anno foedus inter se arctissimum percutiunt."][7]

With Alexander IV. James had no dealings of importance, either good or bad. The See of Valencia was confirmed, and the expulsion of the Moors (first of the three extraditions of the reign) received in fullest measure "Salutem et Apostolican Benedictionem."

II. But with Urban IV. came The Sicilian Difficulty. "Manfred, hard-pressed by the Pope and the Pope's executioner, Charles of Anjou, sought aid from all parts, specially,"

[1] Mariana, 210. [2] Raynaldus 1246, § 43. [3] Ibid., 1246, § 43.
[4] Mariana, No. 6, 1246. [5] Raynaldus, 1246, § 48.
[6] K. James' Chron., ccccxcviii. [7] Raynaldus, 1254, § 25.

says Mariana, "from James of Aragon, offering his daughter Constance as wife to his eldest son Peter, Manfredus having no heirs male. This prospect pleased K. James (not unnaturally). Having agreed with Manfred, he sent Fr. Ramon de Penafuerte, the Dominican, envoy to the Pope, to compose the differences. But the Pontiff gave no manner of heed to F. Ramon, and warned En Jacme not to engage himself with so wicked a man, for his own sake. This put the King of Aragon to a stand, but at length interest prevailed, and the marriage was solemnised at Montpellier."[1] Naturally, Urban was furious—how wroth we see from Raynaldus:—"S. Ludovicus Rex Franciae, summas a Pontifice laudes promeruit, qui cum iam amoris impedimentis restrictus . . . auctoritate Pontificia . . . Aragoniae Regis Filiam Isabellam Philippo Filio accipere uxorem in animum induxisset, atque etiam sponsalia apud Claramontem maxima pompa celebrari jussisset—accepto tamen nuntio Arag. affinitate sese cum Manfredo Ecclesiae Hoste devinxisse . . . a cœptis resiliit et suscipere noluit cum eis qui Ecclesiae hostibus foedus pepigissent."[2] Thus James, enthusiastically devout but enthusiastically ambitious, has been led by his romantic generalship, clever and calculating, yet forgetful of one thought—Roma semper eadem—into blank hostility to the winning cause. For a moment he is enrolled in the then so fatal catalogue of the enemies of the Holy See. From a repetition of Frederic's career, he was saved by the collapse of his immediate hopes. Manfred was easily crushed. The kingdom of Sicily became again a Papal vassal-realm. Strangely enough, En Jacme was not deterred from thinking of the lost prize. "He was much concerned at Manfred's fall . . . [3] and as soon as the Murcian War was over, he went to the furthest part of Catalonia to be ready if there were any means left to restore the Dominion to the Normans, and to possess himself of that kingdom, to which he pretended a right for his son, through Don Pedro's wife, Manfred's only child." Of all this anxiety, the Chronicle retains but a trace—when at the Council of Lyons, the King of Aragon begs the Pope to intercede with Charles of Anjou for En Henry of Castile, "kept in prison for the sake of the Holy Church itself." Ten years of watch and ward intervened between the failure of the Sicilian scheme and that meeting with Gregory at the Conference of Reconciliation.

III. During that time his third unceasing quarrel with the Guardian of Christian Morals (one title of the Bishop of Bishops) came to a head. James' father, he tells us himself,

[1] Mariana, 1260—1, 213—4. [2] Raynaldus, 1262, § 17.
[3] Mariana, 1265, 214—5.

was a "woman's man." Still more so, the Conqueror. His amours were numberless, some of them very scandalous. Clement IV. could stand it no longer. In 1266, answering the steady stream of rumours and appeals which came to his bar, he backed up the previous protest of Honorius, Gregory, Innocent, and Urban by the famous letter "De pellicis blanditiis." "Admonens eum," says the historian, "ut nobiliorem de se victoriam triumphatus carnis illecebris reportaret, gravissimis verbis."[1] En Jacme had shortened Yoland's life with his profligacy,[2] he was now going to cut off the wretched Theresa, under pretence of leprosy. Happily the Guardian of the oppressed would not listen to these "nefaria petita."—Such is the Roman account.

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With such disfavour is the Conqueror now regarded at Rome, that to the Sacred College it appears as if the King of Castile was the motor muscle in the project of the New Crusade, and the King of Aragon merely useful "ad subsidium eius."[5] How his voyage is treated need not be repeated here, nor the curt dismissal of his share in the gathering of 1274.[6] Indeed his name is absolutely omitted from Raynaldus' account of the Second Council of Lyons. Gregory X. is merely recorded as exhorting him—"rejectis assentationum lenociniis salubria ipsi consuleret." The official records of the Council add nothing but a bare "quem in Lugdunensi concilio vidimus (se adduxisse ad ruinas Terrae Sanctae reparandas)"[7]

The final verdict of the Roman Annalists on the King of Aragon lies in the expressive words of Raynaldus "De eo satis."—He thought he had done such service to God and to the Church of Rome that nothing should stand between them. They considered him simply as a vassal who had refused tribute and evaded even the due obsequium.

[1] Raynaldus, 1266, § 17. [2] Mariana. [3] Raynaldus, 1267, § 33.
[4] *v.* Epist., Cl. iv., apud Zurita, lib. II., 144.
[5] Raynaldus, 1268, § 52. [6] Ibid., 1274, § 47.
[7] S. Conciliorum Nova et Amplissima Collectio, pp. 38—136.

2. JAMES AND NAVARRE.

Aragon and Navarre, connected from their earliest days as hill-kingdoms, seemed to be coming into one under the rule of James the Conqueror, as his visit to Sancho (detailed in cc. 138—152 of the Commentaries) proves to demonstration. National, or tribal, feeling proved too strong, and not the least interesting feature of Spanish history in this age is the gradual, yet visible, leaning of Navarre towards France, which ultimately detaches the little state from the interests, the hopes and fears, the discords and triumphs, of the Peninsula. James' father, En Pere, had harrassed Don Sancho. "At his death," says Mariana, "commerce was restored between Zaragoza and Navarre, which had long been broken, owing to the wars."[1]

Don Sancho, that "best king that ever was in Navarre," had helped En Jacme in his Balearic Campaigns. He was as ready now to take the chance of civil war by disinheriting his nephew and adopting his favourite, as he had been to leave his kingdom to its fate while he disported himself in Morocco.[2] So reckless had he been in his alliances with the Moslems, that in 1196 he had been denounced by name in a Bull of Coelestine III., which tentatively offered his dominions to the first orthodox prince who would seize them. Alphonso VIII. had designs of enlarging Castile in that direction. Only the common danger from Mahommed Annasir saved Sancho, by forcing him into patriotism. His share in Navas de Tolosa (1212) and his close relations with Richard of England—whose wife, Berenguela, was his sister—were the things that kept him from being the victim of an ultramontane Crusade; even this was no guard against incessant attacks from San Ferdinand. The King of Aragon gives a detailed account of his visit in the Commentaries, which is confirmed by all the annalists except Zurita, who pictures James as cheating Alfonso of the inheritance. "Unicum filium quem paene infantem puerum innocentem iam odisse non poterat, non modo non cohaeredem adjungit sed plane *Exheredat* . . . Aurembiaxis maritum Petrum—Portugalliae Regis filium—heredem dicit."[3]

After all, these matters of succession were unimportant. The real thing which kept En Jacme out of the throne of Navarre was the dislike of the Navarrese for Aragon and their passionate preference for Theobald of Champagne.[4]

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Anyhow, when Sancho dies soon after, Aragon is powerless to prevent Theobald's accession. "Some said," writes Mariana, "that King James winked at it—perhaps out of scruples of conscience. But the war he made afterwards shews it was rather the necessity of the times which made him lie still until he could better advance his pretensions, because the people bore him no love. Besides, he was taken up with his marriage designs . . . (in Hungary)."[1] This threatened war may have been really at the bottom of the alliance of June 5, 1241, between En Jacme and the Earl of Toulouse and Provence, concluded in the fear lest so considerable a principality as that of Toulouse should fall into the hands of France.[2] As to the war itself, however, not only is the Commentary totally silent, but the other records only help us with a few obscure hints. With the year 1253 we again reach firm ground. Then we find divisions healed, through "Queen Margarita of Navarre, who fearing Alfonso of Castille, now he was eased of his war against the Moors, would again set up his pretensions to that crown, had recourse to the King of Aragon. With him she had a conference at Tudela in August of that year (1253) and concluded a League offensive and defensive. It was further agreed that King Theobald should marry one of King James' daughters. However that king saved to himself his claim upon the throne of Navarre, because of the adoption of Don Sancho."[3]

At this moment he was on the very brink of a fresh war with Castile. Indeed, two years later, this became fact instead of menace.[4] The allied kings, Theobald and James, "when Alfonso had again invaded Andalus with intent to drive the Moors wholly out of the kingdom, fell upon Castile, in alliance with many nobles of that country, who went over to Aragon and Navarre, having first, by a public instrument, renounced their country. King Alfonso, seeing his danger, began to treat with the King of Aragon, and at Soria the two met and concluded a truce, . . ."[5] This being settled, King James passed over to Montpellier to meet the King of France. Here is the fruit of the alliance at Toulouse fifteen years before, which had just been consolidated by the solemn grant of protection from the Roman Chair.[6] Theobald, always the Papal favourite, was probably the vital link in this alliance.

[1] Mariana, 206 (1234). [2] Ibid., 209 (1241).
[3] Ibid., 212 (1253). [4] Ibid., 213 (1256).

[5] Like the Aragonese method at Siege of Albaraccin. K. James' Chron., c. xvi.

[6] Raynaldus, 1254, § 25. It was at this very time that Pope Innocent IV. took Navarre and Aragon into the "Apostolica Clientela."

In any case, considerable, even generous, concessions were obtained from the French Crown. On May 11th, 1258, the two crusaders met at Carbolio and were completely reconciled. "Catalonia and Barcelona were declared wholly indepedent of the French Crown: for till then they had acknowledged a certain dependence, though in form only. Furthermore, to make this alliance the stronger, a match was concluded between Philip, the eldest son of the King of France, and Elizabeth, the King of Aragon's eldest daughter, he giving her Carcassone and Bezières for a portion."[1]

How S. Louis breaks with James upon the Sicilian Question we have seen before, but when Urban and Clement had only to work on the feeble conscience of Philip the Bold in their endeavours to stir up brother against brother—"it had like," as Mariana says, "to have even caused war between France and Aragon."[2] The old Conqueror was in dread of a wide-reaching plot, of which the mainsprings might be King Philip, Charles of Anjou, and his own son, Fernan Sanchez. This partly explains, if it does not justify, his ruthlessness to the latter. Was his beloved Pedro to be cheated out of Aragon which he inherited, and Navarre which he should have possessed, by a scoundrelly bastard brother, aided by the open foes of his house? Sooner he would see the bastard drowned. So he will not acquiesce even in Philip's expulsion of the petty Viscount of Faux.[3] Faux, he declares, is a Catalonian fief. French diplomacy smoothed these difficulties, but any hope of getting James to waive his title on Navarre was futile. "He only deferred the claim," says Mariana, "finding his own subjects so rebellious."[4] (We may add—finding the Navarrese still so reluctant.) In spite of his troubles at home and his crusading cares, En Jacme found time to scheme on, to the very end, for Theobald's crown. The last combination was in 1273-4.

Castile was again making demonstrations. Their armies, we are told, moved towards Navarre, in order to conquer that kingdom. "But King Jacme, having made over his title to his eldest son Peter, sent him to gain the good will of the Navarrese. Yet neither the policy of Aragon nor the arms of Castile prevailed, for the Queen of Navarre now put the kingdom under the protection of France."[5] This was surely the decisive step on to the road which led Navarre into French sympathies, manners, and surroundings, even though the immediate difficulties were met by a compromise which at least gave a promise to En Jacme of hopes ful-

[1] Mariana, 213 (1258). [2] Ibid., 1270, 216. [3] Ibid., 216, sub. an., 1270.
[4] Ibid., 216, A.D. 1272. [5] Ibid., 216, 1273-4.

filled—"a match being arranged between the young lady-heiress of Navarre and Prince Peter of Aragon, on the breach whereof the said Prince was to receive 200,000 marks."[1] Never mind the marks if you can but get the kingdom! would have been James' last advice, speaking as such a father would to his son.

3. JAMES AND CASTILE.

James' 'relations with Castile' were relations with the Royal Family of that kingdom under three rulers. First with the Queen-Mother Berengaria, then with San Ferdinand himself, then with Alfonso X. With the first named the relations were matrimonial; with his brother Conqueror, James' dealings were those of friendship and reverence—being as it were, in Ferdinand's "Clientela,"—with Alphonso, as the Commentaries prove, he had "motions" both of brotherhood and of enmity, which alternated with the capricious temper of the Castilian, till necessity threw the author of the "Siete Partidas" upon the King of Aragon in unreserved obligation.

In a few details the later writers supplement En Jacme. To begin with the year 1220. "At that time," writes Mariana, from his authorities, "the Aragonese, desiring to treat of the succession to the Crown, sent messengers to Queen Berengaria, of Castile, to treat of a marriage between King James and her sister Eleanor."[2] En Jacme is very silent about his marriages and his amours. This is perhaps his principal omission; for out of them flowed his chief quarrels—with the Pope, with Castile, and with Louis of France. This, his first marriage, led to a crop of difficulties. Whether from dislike of Leonora, or from the reasons publicly alleged, one of his first uncontrolled actions was to agitate for a divorce. As Zurita tells us, it was a matter of delicate adjustment with Gregory IX.[3] "Johannes Episcopus, in Hispaniam legatus . . . legatione obita . . . renuntiat de dissidio connub. Leonorae Reginae —quae etsi pubitate et fecunditate digna tanto matrimonio . . . cum tam diuturnae nuptiae juste non extitissent . . . quod propinquitate adjungerentur cognationis—ut sine scelere dirimantur—sive non nolente, sive invito Rege." The special decree, legitimating Leonora's son Alfonso, follows immediately. "De supra dicto filio nostro . . . si legitimatione aliquatenus indigere videatur, nos . . . legitimamus ad omnia ad quae legitimari potest . . . et Heredem et successorem

[1] Mariana, 216, 17. [2] Ibid., 1220, p. 201. 'Leonor' in K. James' Chron.
[3] Zurita, Indices II., 107. Annales, ad loc.

Regni nostri constituimus."[1] Strangely enough, the Royal Chronicle only names this Alfonso in one place—in the question of King Sancho's joint adoption. The other records tell us that he died early, having already lost his father's affection, which was even then reserved for En Pere the younger. The divorce of Leonora naturally did not make the royal house of Castile any closer in their friendship for Aragon. In 1232, when the Navarre succession was going to Theobald, King James was unable to move, for one reason "because he was taken up with the thoughts of marrying Violante (Yoland) of Hungary, which King Ferdinand laboured to prevent, hoping to reconcile him to his Aunt Eleanor.[2] . . ." The two kings met at Huerta, on the borders. Nothing was done in the business of the marriage, but Heriza was given Leonora for a residence. Her jointure she had kept all along. Then, we are told, both sovereigns returned to the war against the Moors. There were also some ecclesiastical troubles with the Primate of Spain, who happened to be a Castilian noble. Don Roderic of Toledo, spite of his great age, had dragged himself to the First Council of Lyons in 1245. On his return he died. "Among other things (so run the Annals of the See) he had laboured during his last years to reduce the Aragonese beneath the jurisdiction of his Chair, which the Bishops of that land spurned."[3] When Alfonso begins to act for himself as Infante of Castile, one is not surprised to hear that the good harmony of the "war against the Moors" is soon impaired. We have the picture of one breach of that harmony in King James' narrative, cc. 344—9, and of others in Mariana.[4] "In these years all succeeded prosperously for Ferdinand, only it was feared that the King of Aragon would be some hindrance to the affairs of Castile, for that king was displeased with Prince Alfonso, on pretence that he did not keep the limits assigned by agreement to the conquests of each crown. It was feared this might come to a breach, and therefore, to reconcile all differences, nothing appeared better than a match (1254) between Alfonso and Violante, the daughter of King James."

The breach came surely enough, on the Accession of El Sabio, who, as the Chronicler drily remarks, "proved more wonderful than glorious, he being at the last reduced almost to the state of a private man."[5] The marriage which was to preserve the alliance was the immediate cause of the first quarrel. Very soon King Alfonso was troubled for the barrenness of his Queen Violante. His flatterers advised a divorce. The king was "easy to be

[1] Zurita, Indices II., 107—8. [2] Mariana, 206, 1232—3.
[3] Mariana, 210. [4] Mariana, 210, c. 1240—5. [5] Ibid., 1253—8, 212.

persuaded." He sent off straightway to conclude a match with Christina, daughter to the King of Denmark, on which "King Jacme of Aragon endeavoured in vain to alter his resolution, and fair means failing, he had recourse to arms.[1] Thus the war broke out between Christians again, and the frontiers were ravaged." Peace, however, was soon re-established. Alfonso, we are told, found himself too insecure at home—hated by his people, not much beloved of his neighbours, but abroad venerated for his great learning. It was natural his neighbours of Navarre should hate him, for towards them he acted with perfect brutality. In this same year, "being eased of war in the south," the King of Castile again set up his pretensions to that crown which drove Theobald and Queen Margarita into a marriage alliance with the House of Barcelona. "Moreover, the same apprehensions (of Castilian aggression) forced King James and Prince Alfonso to be reconciled."[2] This was the very time of Alazrak's revolt and of the learned monarch's jests at his father's expense—"Hunting the castles of the King of Aragon." It is in his most bitter vein that En Jacme tells us how he "gave the King of Castile to understand by my letter what the result of Alazrak's hunting had been." In fact war was on the point of breaking out again—even the divorce scheme had been revived. En Jacme was only wait ing till he had swept Valencia clear of Moors—"which delay hindered King James from falling upon Castile. . . . But the delay was fortunate, for Queen Violante proving with child, the divorce was no more heard of."[3] Yet so great was the irritation against the "great bully of Spain" that, when Alfonso was next occupied in Andalus, in the year 1256, Theobald of Navarre, in alliance with Jacme of Aragon, resolved to invade Castile. Then it was that "many nobles of that country went over to them; and King Alfonso, seeing his danger, began to treat with the allies: . . and at Soria they met and concluded a truce."[4] Finally, in the same year Don Henry, brother and bitterest enemy of El Sabio, fled into Valencia, throwing himself on the Conqueror's protection. But the latter, though "hospitable to excess," refused to break the treaty for his his sake, and had him conveyed into Africa—though twenty years later he will be pleading his cause, for deliverance from Charles of Anjou's prisons, before Gregory X. at Lyons.

Alfonso was now beginning to see visions of the crown and sceptre of the Holy Roman Empire, and neglecting the commonest precautions on his own borders, when the shock of the

[1] Mariana, 212, etc. [2] Ibid., 212. [3] Ibid., 1254, 212—13.
[4] Ibid., 213, ut antea.

Great Revolt of 1262 woke him out of all day-dreams for a time. It not only did so—it changed his attitude towards En Jacme altogether. Mariana's account wholly fails to distinguish between the King of Aragon and the "patriot" party in the Cortes or among the Barons. When Alfonso appealed to his father-in-law "to fulfil the Treaty of Soria, the said king neither fully granted nor fully denied—for he excepted all the nobility, but allowed their vassals and the commonalty to take arms, . . . which so provoked the other, that he once designed to turn his forces against Aragon; but the public good weighed with him at last."[1] According to this it is only in answer to a second and more urgent appeal "in the name of the public danger, their kindred, and the honour of the Christian Faith," that En Jacme seriously and vigorously arms against the Moors and the fresh hordes from Morocco. As to the War of Re-conquest in Murcia, all accounts seem to agree with the King's. All accounts likewise agree with his, in witnessing to the perfect amity now subsisting.[2] It was one sign of this, that in 1268, James' son Sancho, "whom he loved tenderly," became the chief metropolitan of Castile. Another very tangible proof was the present of "100,000 ducats," which was the daughter's offering towards her father's crusade. And the scene of 1269—at the marriage of En Jacme's grandson (the son of Alfonso and Yoland, Fernando de la Cerde)—with the old Conqueror in the place of honour and all present "looking to him" for counsel—is the last and complete proof of the patriarchal position of the King of Aragon among the Christian rulers of the Peninsula.

Now Alfonso cannot live out of his guardian's sight, "being," as his Cronica says, "perplexed with many cares, and his nobles conspiring against him, both on account of Portugal and other matters."[3] The records of Castile give wearisome accounts of their Astronomer King and his wild hunt after the Imperial crown, James to the last advising him that "it was not fitting for him to go and leave his kingdom in that way."

But in pursuit of that one phantom Alfonso was incorrigible, and his heedlessness hastened the revolt of his Baronage, which he had suspected before the Council of Lyons and revealed to his "director," and which only waited En Jacme's death to break out and destroy all semblance of government for many years in Castile.[4]

[1] Mariana, 214, 1262. [2] Ibid., Blancas, Zurita, etc.
[3] Also Mariana, 216.
In addition to the rest, *v.* for Alfonso's Life—his own "Cronica."

4. JAMES AND THE CONSTITUTION OF ARAGON.

The reign of James the Conqueror was not one of special Constitutional development, though we see in it repeated indications of the liberties which still existed unchallenged, as in the solemn consultation of all the Estates to ratify the Navarrese Treaty of 1232—4. Yet the king both reigned and governed. In the Commentaries of the king himself, still more perhaps in the "Laudes Jacobi I." of Gomesius Miedes, we see how absolute the monarch appeared, at any rate to himself.[1] His casual patronising notices of the Justiza, and of the various Constitutional forms (such as the special "Fueros" under dispute), are enough evidence of this. From Blancas and Zurita we get the same picture, coloured from a different standpoint; from Mariana and his authorities the calm, almost uninterested, summary of a judge—with the same verdict. Our details are too small on this side to give us any hope of a connected history of En Jacme's relations with the Constitution of Aragon, or with the party which was pledged to watch against tyranny. There is enough of its factious baronage—little or nothing of the really patriotic—in the Royal Chronicle. The threads of personal selfishness and political virtue are not in the least separated for our convenience. The king probably thought the only true patriot was of the type of the Montcadas or of Guillen de Monredon. En Ramon Folch to him is a simple "traidor."

In these notes it is only intended to link together in order of time those few details additional to the Commentaries which are found in the later authorities, and which bring out somewhat more clearly En Jacme's position at home.

In the Cortes at Lérida (1217), when "the summons issued in Council was under a new seal made expressly for me," it was remarked that the oath of allegiance tendered to all was a "new thing not before used in Aragon, but continued to our day."[2] "Novo et inusitato fidelitatis signo," says Blancas; "ut Jacobus ipse fuerit primus Rex, cui Aragonenses fidelitatis jusjurandum praestiterint."[3] And the reasons—"Ob puerilem Regis aetatem et ob turbidos regni, et praecipue ob patruos Jacobi." The "Gubernatio Regni," we are told, was given to Pedro Ahones by the formal vote of the Cortes. "At vero universorum Regnorum Sanctius ipse . . . praefectus."[4] This was done, Mariana had learnt, to settle the kingdom, and to satisfy the Count

[1] "De Vita et Gestis Jacobi Primi," Libri xx. [2] Mariana, 195.
[3] Blancas Arag. Reg. Comment., p. 651. Zurita, to same effect.
[4] Blancas, Arag. Reg. Comment., 652.

of Rousillon; with such evil effects that, but for the staunch support of Monredon, as we have seen, the nephew would have been completely ousted by his great uncle, "who was never tired of giving out that Don Jayme was a bastard."

Blancas tells us a little more, specially of the "Colligatio Magnatorum adversus Sanctium pro pace Regni tuenda."[1] This was a failure. The devouring ambition of the Count continued to swallow up the kingdom. New means had to be tried, of which one would gladly know more than the bare "Plurimae civitates ac oppida inter se aliam copulationem inierunt quam Unionem, prisco utentes vocabulo, appellavere."[2] Another writer, however, insinuates that Willlam Monredon and the Loyalists were rather "afraid that others might reap the honour of freeing the king," than generously moved by the noblest in the catalogue of social virtues.[3]

The anarchy of James' early years, among other things, shews us very clearly some feudal points, and none better than the two ceremonies of "Diffidation" and "Renunciation."[4] The former comes out in the Urgel quarrel. En Jacme's neglect of it, or contempt for it, is a hard rock of offence to his litigious baronage, who liked all their slaughtering and ravaging to be done decently and in order. All enemies must be properly "defied."[5] The latter is emphasized by Don Rodrigo Licana, who, "flying to Acagra at Albaraccin, according to the custom of those times, in writing, renounced his country and allegiance." He is pardoned at the "intercession of all the nobles."[6] The death of the arch traitor, Pedro Ahones (who had just conspired to seize the King's person), brought up another knotty point of the feudal code. "Don Sancho, Bishop of Zaragoza, pressed to have those towns that belonged to his brother. This was agreed to stand in judgment." The result was—"That such places as he held as the king's lieutenant ('gubernator') should stand to the Crown, but what was his own by inheritance should be restored to the Bishop."[7]

Bovaticum was raised a second time, the Royal Chronicle tells us, for the war of Majorca. For the invasion of Valencia, others add, the tax was again "gathered in Catalonia." Here

[1] Blancas, Arag. Reg. Comm., 652. [2] Ibid.
[3] The same doubt rests on their motives in levying Bovaticum (Bovatge), for the pressing needs of the new king, "though Don Pedro had levied it thrice." Mariana, 199.
[4] They depended on idea that no lord could war against his vassal, or vassal against his lord, without a formal spoken challenge or insult, and a renouncement of Homage and Fealty.
[5] K. James' Chron., xlvi. [6] Mariana, 200, 1219. [7] Ibid, 204.

perhaps we may see another sign of the king's determination to treat his various dominions as separate kingdoms,[1] which, according to Miedes and others, was the real cause of all the home disorders.

A small financial matter of 1236 has to be reconsidered in General Cortès. "It was finally decided that the coin called Jaquesa, which was much mixed with brass, should not be called in, as the loss would be so great."[2]

The resettlement of Valencia after the Conquest is another matter on which the Aragonese Constitutionalists expand. Mariana simply rewrites the king's words. "The lands were equally divided among the prelates, gentlemen and councils of such cities as assisted, as well as the military orders. To a band of 380 horse was assigned a special share on condition that they should defend the frontier. New laws also were given."[3] But Blancas (with Zurita, Sempere and the rest) tells a longer tale. "Eodem rege post haec novas municipales Leges Valentinis rogante . . . Valentiae nedum juxta Aragoniae foros judicia facienda . . . sed et urbem ipsam totumque Valentinum Regnum pro more apud nos solito in 'Honores' distribuendam confertur . . . et Concessum ut quae ipsis (nobilibus) oppida in Valentino Regno fuerant attributa, Aragoniae foris perpetuo parerent. Municipales inde leges Valentinis irrogari cœperunt: tametsi aliquamdiu nostras apud eos servatas constat et forensem viguisse nostræ Magnæ Justitiae Ar. omnino similem Praefecturam."[4]

In 1243 the great quarrel of the two kingdoms for the possession of Lerida comes before En Jacme. He has developed a new policy, not so selfish as the old one—of "taking the lands of the Moors"—but more fatal to the peace of his kingdom. "King James was more inclinable to the Catalonians, designing to divide his dominions, and leave Aragon to Alfonso and Catalonia to Peter, his youngest son, on whom he doted." This resolution ('inde inveterata Catalanorum querella orta est,'[5] adds Blancas) not only offended Alfonso, but all the nobility of Aragon. The discontented with the prince at their head withdrew to Calatuyad.[6]

The disorders of 1250—"Aragon," in Mariana's words, "divided up into factions"—are dwelt upon by Blancas with the passionate grief of the patriot. "Cumque ad hanc immoderatam licentiam comprimendam nec procerum col-

[1] Zurita. Mariana, 206—7. [2] Mariana, 207.
[3] Mariana, p. 207. K. J. Chron., cclxxxiv.—vii.
[4] Blancas, Arag. Reg. Comm., 653—4. Also Zurita, Sempere, even Miedes.
[5] Blancas, Arag. Reg. Comm., 654. [6] Mariana, 209 (1243).

ligationes, nec civitatum et oppidorum Uniones factae sufficerent . . . universum Ar. Regnum iam antea ut quibusdam placet distribui cœptum, nunc firmioribus praesidiis pactis et condicionibus admotis in V Regiones, quas Junctas vocavere, distribuendum curarunt, unicuique earum certa ac designata loca definientes primarios equestris ordinis viros constituerunt, singulis ipsis Junctis praefectos, qui antiquitus Paciarii vocati, ('Pacerias' enim appellarunt vectigalia, quae quot annis oppida praefectis hujusmodi pro eorum victu, pensitabant)."[1]

To compose the troubles, "special and solemn Cortes" was held at Alcaniz. Judges were appointed to decide between father and son; judgment was given, possibly compelled, for En Jacme, "the king persisting in all his resolutions." This availed little, says Mariana. What really composed the troubles was pressure from without.[2] In 1253 we find Alfonso "confirming with an oath what his father had given to En Pere the younger"—coming, we may presume, out of his sulking-place at Calatuyad.[3] Five years later he is dead—an event the Chronicle does not deign to mention. "Yet to pacify him and his friends, the King delivered up to him, a little before his death, the Kingdom of Valencia, ordaining however that it should be always directly annexed to the Crown of Aragon."[4]

From Blancas we learn that the Eventful Reign of Conquest was also a landmark in the legal History of Aragon.

In the Cortes of 1247, held at Huesca, the money standard was settled. This was a favourite scheme in Aragon—"unusquisque Reg. Ar. in regni initiis nummariam rem novam constitueret."[5] One other thing was done. "Jus nostrum, quod diffusum et dissipatum erat, Vitalis Canalis, Oscensis Episcopi industria in singula genera coactum ac digestum fuit . . . unde vetustiora legis quae apud nos vigent . . . illud tamen valde dolendum . . . nullum fere in his omnibus (libris) nec vestigium quidem de Magni Justitiae Aragonum institutione apparetur."[6] Lastly, the panegyrist of the Great Justiciar takes this opportunity to emphasize the Cortes of 1265 at Exea—to him a truer landmark of his country's progress than the campaigns in Murcia, which he dismisses in a line. To him En Jacme's reign was memorable chiefly because "Sub hoc rege Justitiae Aragonum et nomina et facta magis inter se apta et connexa, quam ad haec usque tempora."[7]

[1] Blancas, Arag. Reg. Comm., 654. Zurita to same effect.
[2] Mariana, 211, c. iv. [3] Ibid, 212. [4] Ibid., 213 (1258).
[5] Not hinted at either in the Commentaries or in most of the supplemental records, but well borne out nevertheless. v. Archivo de Aragon.
[6] Blancas, Arag. Reg. Comm., 655—6. [7] Ibid., 656 (1265). [8] Ibid., ad loc.

For the Cortes of 1265 was the foundation of the Justiza's office as an independent thing. Hitherto En Jacme at least had found the justiciary useful and unassuming—merely an individual baron who was brave and sometimes intelligent. We may well believe that he would have no real power while the old despot still lived; yet the "Comitia" at Exea, "extrema sub hoc Rege habita," on Blancas' showing, laid an important corner-stone of a possible constitution, "In eis sancitum, ut qui magistratum gereret Justitiae Aragonum, ex eorum Ordine necessario esset qui militari cingulo sunt insigniti—ne ex supremo Ricorum Hominum, neve ex alio ordine aut infima plebe quispiam ad munus hoc exsequendum vocaretur—quod per nostras leges in eorum corpore graviter saevire etiam si mererentur, ob eximiam ipsorum dignitatem non licet."[1]

Yet till the Cortes of 1348 the Justiza was removable at the king's pleasure, and as Hallam puts it, "During the whole reign of James the Conqueror, the ultimate Judicial Authority probably resided in the Council of Ricoshombres, whose suffrages the Justiciary collected,"[2] and whose decisions, we may add, En Jacme did not scruple to ignore when they came into collision with his own. He could do this,—Pedro his son found the difference to his cost.

[1] Blancas, Arag. Reg. Comm., 656—7. [2] Mid. Ages, II., 43—58.

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DIVISIONS OF SUBJECT.

By Tradition the King's Chronicle is divided, historically, into Four:—

Cc. I.—CXXVI. *PART I.* From the Beginning to the Final Conquest of the Balearics, 1213—1233.

Cc. CXXVII.—CCXC. *PART II.* The Conquest of Valencia (including the visit to Navarre), 1233—1239.

Cc. CCXC.—CCCCLIII. *PART III.* The Interval, with the War of Murcia (including the recovery of Montpellier), 1239—1266.

Cc. CCCCLIV.—End. *PART IV.* The Glories and Troubles of the End: the abortive Crusade; the Negotiations with the East, 1266—1274; the Council of Lyons.

A more natural Division of the Subject seems:—

Part I.—JAMES THE CHILD.
The Heir, under guard of Montfort.
The Heir, under guard of the Templars.
Barons or King?

Part II.—KING JAMES THE CONQUEROR.
The Urgel Quarrel.
The War in the Balearics.
The Conquest of Valencia.
The Recovery of Montpellier.
Christians quarrelling among themselves.
The Crisis of 1262 and the War of Murcia.*

Part III.—JAMES OF ARAGON, PATRIARCH OF CHRISTIAN SPAIN.
The Last Years.
On Crusade or not?
The Interval.
At Lyons' Council.
The Troubles of the End.

* In the text, this is reckoned as coming *within* the Patriarchal Period of King James' Life.

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